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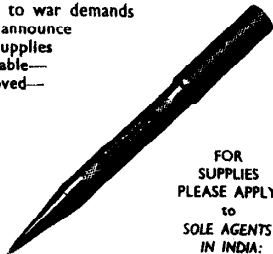
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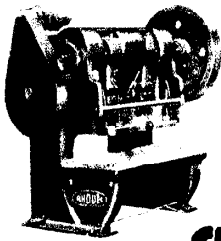


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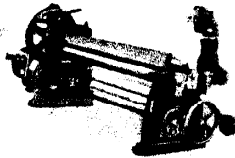
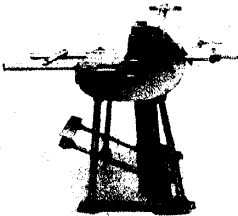
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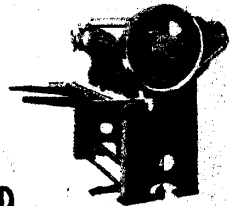
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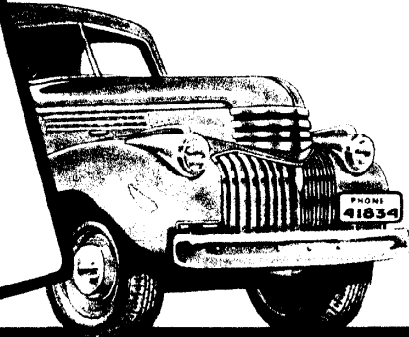


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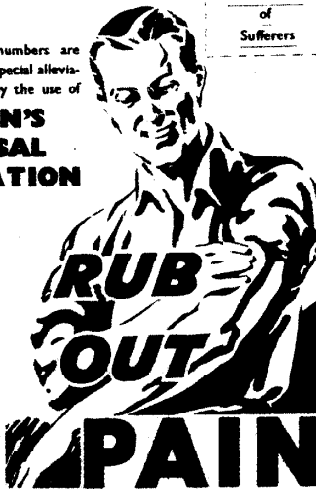
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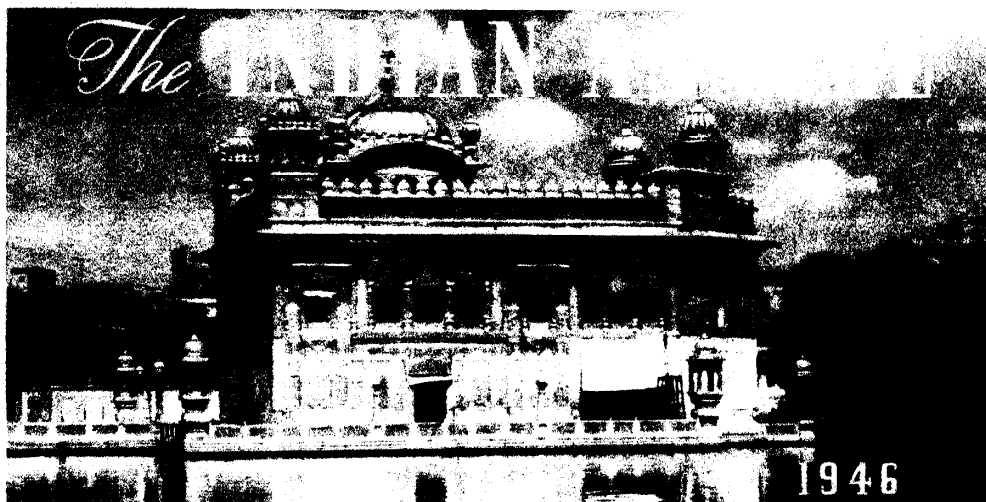
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The TUNGRU BEAR

By William Jesse

ONE evening towards the end of June 1903 I walked into the lounge of the Charleville. I had just returned to Mussoorie from a trip to the great glacier of Gangotri, where the sacred Ganges comes out of the "Cow's Mouth". I was pretty tired, having telescoped the last two marches into one. For the monsoon was expected every day, and, as I saw the heavy black clouds banking up over Landour, and heard the distant roll of thunder, I congratulated myself on having got back to civilization before the first downpour.

I threw myself into a long chair, and calling one of the *khimatghars* ordered a pink gin previous to going in to dinner. Just then the door opened, and a figure I recognised at once, though I had not seen him for some years, came across the room.

"Hullo, O'Meara!", I cried, "When did you turn up? Come and join me in a short one. Here, boy!"—for the *khimatghar* had arrived with my drink—" *ek aur pink gin lao.*" The tall lanky figure dropped into an empty chair, and for the next quarter of an hour we swapped yarns, and discussed our various activities since last we met.

I first came across O'Meara soon after my arrival in India. He was in the F.W.D., and we had been stationed together in Lucknow.

Born in the country of Irish parents, he had been educated at the Lucknow Martiniere, and had passed from there into the Thomason Engineering College, Roorkee.

In addition to being a fine shot and a well-known shikari, he spoke perfect Hindustani, and my early days with him gave me an invaluable insight into the ways of thought and mentality of the ryot.

Often, when the afternoon shoot was over, we would walk to the nearest village; charpoys would be brought; and we would sit with the elders under the sacred pipal tree, where, surrounded by an eager, interested crowd, my friend would chat in fluent *ganuuri*, until it was time to mount our ponies and canter homewards.

After dinner we went to the smoking-room, where we sat chatting over old times, and making the usual enquiries about mutual friends and acquaintances, until O'Meara suddenly changed the conversation.

"When you were up at Gangotri, did you happen to hear anything about the Tungru bear?"

For a moment I could not think to what he was referring, and then I remembered that one afternoon on my way up a mountain path to a spot whence I hoped to get a good photograph of the Great Range I had been stopped by an old man, who began to warn me against shooting in those parts. I had

some difficulty in following the fellow's *pahari*, which seemed to be mixed with a good many Thibetan words.

Thinking that he only wanted to warn me that wild life in the neighbourhood was sacred owing to the vicinity of Badrinath, I explained that I was not after shikar. I showed him my camera, produced a few "snaps" I happened to have with me, and finally induced him to pose for one himself. But, as I started to go forward, he once more begged me to desist. With the aid of two of my men who were with me, I was able to gather that the danger arose not from the anger of the temple priests, but from some terrible creature, which lured to destruction those who pursued it.

As he talked, my men became visibly affected and joined the fellow in warning me against proceeding further. The thing was not material; it was a "*bhad*".

I knew of course of the belief firmly held by the inhabitants of the higher hills of a mysterious race of huge sub-human monsters, whom few had seen but whose immense footprints are sometimes to be met with in the upper snows, but of which no explanation entirely satisfactory has yet been given.

"Well, you can take it from me that it was not 'the abominable snow man,'" said my companion quietly, when I had finished. "I can give you another explanation, though

whether you will believe me, when you have heard it, is quite another matter."

And this, so far as I can remember, is the story O'Meara told me in his own words.

It was, he said, about three o'clock one afternoon early in October, many years ago. I had been up on some difficult ground after burhel, and had been fortunate in getting quite a good head. The luck had been with me. The ram had been standing on a spur overlooking a steep cliff. It was, a long shot, but, quite apart from the impossibility of crossing the face of the precipice which dropped sheer for several hundred feet, any further movement forward would have revealed my position. Putting up the sight to 400, I rested my left hand on a stone took careful aim and squeezed the trigger.

"The animal gave a convulsive leap, and went hurtling through space. Retracing our steps, Mehr Singh and I made our way down and then along a narrow ledge towards a small plateau. Here we found the dead burhel, and, despite the terrific drop, with its horns intact. It had cleared all jutting out bits of the rock and fallen on same shale. Leaving the shikari to deal with the beast and telling him I would send a couple of men to help him, I scrambled down to where I had left the coolies, extracted some sandwiches and a bottle of water, and sat down to eat a late lunch and get some rest before starting for camp.

"The nullah in which I had been shooting is one which is little known to the ordinary traveller. The local name for it is the Tungru, though I fancy it has some other name on the Indian Survey map. It is very narrow, and the precipitous nature of its sides prevents much snow collecting, but the floor is covered with boulders and bits of rock large and small, which make very rough going. By the time Mehr Singh and the two men had returned with the head of the burhel I had shot, everything had been packed up again, and we set off on the return journey. After some time the nullah began to widen out previous to joining up with the main valley, at the head of which is the great Gangotri glacier. Here much of the track was covered with snow. In the early morning these snow patches had needed careful negotiation, and in more than one place our coolies had to cut steps with their little axes, but the warm mid-day sun had melted the ice and we plodded slowly but easily through slush which was often up to our knees.

"Presently we could hear below us the roar of the river and could catch glimpses of its grey-blue water as it issued from the snout of the glacier. I had gone on ahead with my khud-stick—Mehr Singh being just behind me with my rifle, and the coolies were a hundred yards or so in the rear—when the path took a sharp turn to the left. As I came round the bend, there, clear cut against the skyline, was the largest red bear I have ever seen. A magnificent sight he was, as he stood on a pinnacle of bare rock, his shaggy coat gleaming in the sun's rays. Away beyond towered the great mass of the Bundar Punch, while further eastward rose the snowclad pyramids of Nanda Devi and the three glittering peaks of Thrust.

"Slipping back out of sight I thrust my khud-stick into the snow and reached for my rifle. Pressing forward the safety-catch I dropped on my hands and knees, and worked my way round the curve. The bear had not moved. It was an easy shot—not seventy-five yards, if as much—and,

as I drew a bead on him, I felt it would be impossible to miss. I squeezed the trigger but there was no answering report. . . . only a click! I had unloaded the weapon before climbing down from where I had shot the burhel, and had forgotten later to fill the magazine. The cartridges, however, were in my pocket, and I slipped them into the rifle immediately. But the bear must have heard, for it had left the rock and was making its way downhill across the snow. It was not moving fast, and I was fairly confident I could hit it, when I felt my arm pulled.

"Before I could check myself I had fired, but the bullet went wide. I turned in a fury as Mehr Singh, with a look of terror in his face, gasped out 'Don't shoot, sahib, don't shoot! It's the Tungru bear!' 'Quiet, you fool!' I whispered, for, though the animal had moved out of sight behind some rocks, it did not seem to be unduly alarmed. But again the fellow clutched my arm. 'Don't go, sahib,' he urged, 'don't go! It's a *bhut*!' 'Stay here', I replied under my breath, for I was determined to have one more try, and was not going to be put off because, for some reason or other, my man regarded the beast as dangerous.

"I scrambled down to where I had last seen the bear, but there was no sign of him, nor could I see any tracks in the snow. I was about to give it up, when I caught sight of a red-brown mass move out from behind a snowdrift, and make for the river. I hurried as quickly as I could, but the bear was gaining. He crossed the torrent by a snow bridge, which collapsed just as he stepped on to firm ground. Lost him! I thought to myself. What a fool I had been not to have seen that my rifle was loaded!

"At that moment the animal stopped dead, half turned, and seemed to be deliberately contemplating me. My chance had come after all! I knelt down. I could see the sight dead on a white patch just behind the shoulder. I was perfectly steady—I couldn't miss. Yet that shot was never fired. Even as my finger stretched towards the trigger, the whole of the snow on which I was kneeling began to move. I had started a miniature avalanche.

"Frantically I dug in my feet and hands in a wild yet useless effort to get at the ground beneath. It seemed that nothing could save me from being carried into that icy flood, when there was a check. The snow on either side of me continued its course, though more slowly than before, and plunged over the bank to be whirled away downstream leaving me caught in the roots of a dead willow.

"I lay there without moving. If I slipped, or the dead wood which was holding me should break, nothing could save me. I dared not turn my head, nor even shout—if I had I could not have been heard above the roar of the water. I looked across to where I had last seen the bear. There he stood motionless, his head turned towards me, and, as I watched him, I could once again clearly make out a white patch on the shoulder shaped like a hand.

"Then a strange thing happened. Though the sun was beginning to sink behind the Great Range, and the shadows were descending over the mountain side, it was neither the approaching dusk, nor was it the evening mist. Slowly and imperceptibly the creature grew fainter.

At first I thought it must be that it was moving off, but I watched its feet and they did not stir. Even as I gazed I felt an eerie sensation—much, doubtless, as Alice did when she looked at the Cheshire cat. I closed my eyes for a moment. When I opened them the bear was gone.

"I lay there for what seemed an age, but was probably not more than fifteen or twenty minutes. Then I heard voices behind me, and a few seconds later I felt a rope being passed under my arms. My shikari had, of course, seen the accident without being able to do anything, and had fully expected to see me swept into the stream. Then, seeing me brought up by the dead willow, he had run after the coolies, who had gone on ahead, and made them knot together their bits of rope—a hillman almost invariably carries a piece wound round his waist. With the confidence given me by this support, I was now able to move and, though the climb was awkward in places, it was not long before I had regained the track, and was able to sit down and take a breather after my experience.

"On the way back I questioned Mehr Singh, and got a rambling story out of him about a bear whose ghost was said to have lured many to destruction. He was not very clear in his details, but he seemed convinced that the creature I had been after was the dreaded *bhut*.

"It was pitch dark before we reached the tiny dak-bungalow where I had decided to put up for the night. I was pretty well done in by that time, and was thankful for the stiff peg followed by a hot bath, both of which my bearer had ready for me. After supper, lying back in a long chair in front of a roaring wood fire, I thought over the day's experience. I was puzzled not so much at the shikari's story—many legends are current amongst these hill-folk—as at the presence of a red bear in the hills east of the Sutlej. Colonel Fred Markham of the 32nd, in his *Shooting in the Himalayas*, published by Richard Bentley in 1854, tells many stories of his encounters with this species during his various sporting trips in the early forties of the last century in company with that well-known sportsman and naturalist, the late Mr. Wilson. But, since their day, much of the game has been shot out. Some of these bears are still to be found in Kulu and Chamba, but Kashmir gives the best chance and even there the numbers have decreased.

"Just then the chowkidar brought in the guest-book. I duly entered my name, and then began casually to turn over the leaves. The rest-house being out of the way and little used, except by local officials and an occasional sportsman, the entries in consequence dated back many years. In the earlier pages I would come across from time to time names of men who had in later life become famous as administrators or soldiers, and it was interesting to read their youthful criticisms of the bungalow and its Staff—some irate, others complimentary, and not infrequently distinctly humorous.

"I had not long been amusing myself in this way when I came across an entry, the date of which, so far as I remember, was 17th September, 1874, but, where that of departure should have been, the column was blank. There was, however, a note in faded pencil by a Deputy Collector to the effect that he had been ordered to make an inquiry into the mysterious dis-

appearance of the officer, and that he had been told that the young man had followed a red bear which he had wounded. The animal had crossed a snow-bridge, but, when its pursuer stepped on to it, it gave way, and the unfortunate lad had fallen into the river, and up to the date of the investigation the body had not been found.

"As you can imagine this roused my curiosity, and I continued my examination of the entries. For a while I came across nothing of interest, and then my eyes were once more arrested by another note scribbled beneath a name—evidently that of a European—which I could not decipher. All it said was :—

Another victim of the Tungru bear. The chowkidar says it happened two years ago, but that the body has not been found. The man declared that the thing is not a real animal, but a spirit.

"The two notes I had read corresponded closely with what Mehr Singh had told me on the way home, and I decided to send for him to see whether he could give me any further details. As soon as he arrived I made him fetch the chowkidar and proceeded to put them through a close cross-examination. I told them what I had found in the guest-book, and this was corroborated by the chowkidar, who seems to have been the son of the one referred to above. From him I learnt that the local people believed that the Tungru bear was the ghost of an animal which had been the pet of a holy man, and which had been killed by an Englishman many years ago. The old man had died long since, but his successor, who had been his *chela* as a boy, lived in a cave some miles away, and was frequently visited by pilgrims, as he was held in great veneration.

"This sounded like a heaven-sent opportunity to get at the root of the mystery, so, after arranging for a guide to show me the way, I dismissed the men and, tumbling into bed, slept like a log till morning.

"Shortly after breakfast I set out on my quest, accompanied by a villager as guide. The distance was a good deal further than I had expected, and the last half mile was a stiff climb. The cave was at the foot of a tremendous precipice. Some ten feet above the entrance was a large red mark caused by water percolating through three fissures in the ironstone, and the guide was convinced it had been made by Shiva's trident. In consequence, despite its isolation, the place was visited by numbers of pilgrims during the season on their way to and from the sacred shrine at Badrinath.

"Telling my guide to wait for me I made the last bit of my journey alone. In front of the cave was a flat space at that moment being swept by a small lad, evidently the *saddhu's chela*. From this platform the eye swept over a magnificent panorama of snow-capped peaks and glaciers. Below rushed the Ganges on its way to the Plains, and further down the forest-clad hillsides took the place of the barren slopes with their scanty coarse herbage and stunted scrub.

"Calling the lad, I told him that I had come to pay my respects to this guru, and asking him to inform him of my arrival. To my surprise the boy told me that his master was expecting me, and that he had orders to lead me to him at once, so, following the little fellow, after taking off my shoes, I entered the cave. But if I had been

surprised at being told I was expected I was still more astonished at the appearance of the man I had come to see.

"You know the usual type of holy man one meets on one's official tours through one's district. A man naked save for a loin cloth and the ashes with which his body is smeared. Often is he sitting cross-legged on a board studded with nails, his matted hair and bloodshot eyes giving the fellow a half-demented appearance. Instead, however, of the ash-smeared fakir I had expected, I looked on one of the most cultured and saintly faces I have yet met. Clad in a yellow robe, Swami Vishnu Chandra sat cross-legged on the ground.

"On his forehead was the red *tika*, and round his neck hung a long elaborately carved rosary of wooden beads, but there was no sign of dust or ashes, while his hair, far from being matted, hung down in dark waves plentifully sprinkled with grey, framing strong ascetic features and deep-set piercing eyes. Open on his knees was spread a Sanskrit manuscript yellow with age. As I entered he looked up, and gravely returned my salute. Then motioning me, to a low stool which the lad had brought, he fixed his eyes on me for some seconds before speaking.

"*'Saheb'*, he began at length, 'I know well why you have come, though no man has told me. I saw you yesterday, when you were following the bear Indra and well it was for you that your shikari touched your arm, so that the bullet went high. But for that you would now be lying in the river bed beneath the ice. I saw you when you were stopped by the dead willow, and, after you were once more on that path, I saw you listening to what your man was telling you; I saw you also sitting before the fire and looking at the names in the book. You may not believe me, but later I will prove to you the truth of what I say.'

"I have never studied Yoga, but I have heard enough about it, and met with sufficient experiences to make me realise that many Hindu mystic have powers, whatever may be their explanation, of which we westerners are supremely ignorant. It was evident that he knew the events of the previous day down to the smallest details, which, even had anyone gone ahead to inform him, could not have included certain touches which had occurred after the men had left me alone with the dak-bungalow guest-book. Having assured him, therefore, that I had been long enough in India to have had many opportunities of meeting members of the religious brotherhoods, both Mahomedan fakirs and Hindu *saddhus* and *barais*, and that I did not doubt his statement, I asked him whether he could tell me something about this bear which had apparently very nearly brought about my death.

"The Swami fixed his eyes steadily on me for some moments, as though trying to satisfy himself that it was not mere curiosity on my part that had brought me to him. At length he spoke.

"You must know, *saheb*, that what I am about to tell you will find difficult to believe. Most of your race are inclined to laugh at much which we Indians know to be true, and therefore we are not too ready to discuss the same with those not of our religion. But, from the short conversation we have had, it is evident that you have interested yourself in our ancient writings and legends, so that you will the easier understand.'

"As you know, I speak Hindustani as fluently as I do my own tongue—in fact in certain circumstances I find I can the more easily make my meaning clear in the former language—and I have a pretty good knowledge of the folklore of Northern India. But I happen also to have taken elementary Sanskrit as a boy, instead of the more usual Persian or Arabic. My pay, when I first entered Government service, was not much, and, being often stationed in out of the way places, and with much spare time in the evenings, I set to work to improve my finances by sitting for various Government examinations in native language in order to qualify for the rewards. I made quite a bit out of Persian and Arabic, as Urdu helped me, but for some time I was sent to districts in the east of the U.P., bordering on Bihar. Here, Hindi predominates. I made the acquaintance of an old Brahmin *vakil*, who had given up practice in the Courts and had taken to the study of Sanskrit. I used to go over to him, after my day's work was over, and read the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*—I confess I couldn't do much with the *Upanishads* and the more philosophical works—and to make a long story short, I passed the highest examinations in Sanskrit, except the Degree of Honour.

"Anyhow, it was not long before the *Saddhu* and I were busily engaged in discussing some points in Hindu ritual which had puzzled me, and I then asked if I might look at the manuscript he had been studying. When he found that I could both read it and was able to form a fair idea of the meaning of what I read, he became so interested that it was some time before I could lead him back to the subject of my inquiry. At last I got him to continue.

"You have doubtless heard, *saheb*, of the old *saddhu* of Bisheshwar, the great Mahatma Vijaypal Singhra. How old he was when he was laid on the funeral pyre I know not. I was his *chela* and he my *guru*, but at times he would tell me of his wanderings, and I remember that it was on the very day that Tippoo fell at Seringapatam that he had climbed Chamundi to worship the sacred bull. A holy man he was, so holy that all the birds and animals would come when he called and eat out of his hand. But of all that came the most beloved was a great red bear. It was the largest bear I have ever seen, and, because of a white mark on his shoulder, which my *guru* said had been left when the thunder-god laid his hand on him, he was called Indra. Gentle he was, gentle as a young heifer, despite his strength, and often as a little boy I would go to sleep lying close against him, so that his thick fur kept me warm. Sometimes Indra would be away many moons and then he would suddenly return. He would go up to the Holy One, and seem to whisper in his ear. What he told him I never knew—whether indeed he did talk to him I know not. Who can tell? These things are hidden.'

"Then one day a *Saheb* came shooting. A Thibetan, who had come over the pass the day before, told the *Saheb's* shikari he had had seen a red bear on the glacier. Had he known what I knew, I am sure that he would have left the animal alone, for the *Saheb*-log, though sometimes rough of speech with the hillmen, rarely do anything if they know it may offend our religion, and they usually give a few rupees to our *saddhus* and the temple priests.

"That evening I was preparing our meal, as is the duty of the *chela*, when the Holy One cried: 'See, they are slaying Indra!' And, even as he spoke a mist drifted across the valley, and on it, reflected as though by a mirror, I saw Indra walking across a snow-field, while, following in the distance, taking cover behind each rock and hollow, crept a Saheb and his shikari carrying his rifle. Terrified, I wanted to shout, but my *guru* motioned me to keep still, Indra stopped and looked back, and all the while the Saheb was getting nearer and nearer, and when he got close to a rock round which the snow had drifted, he reached back for his rifle. I saw it all, as clearly as I see you now, and I trembled. But the old man's face was inscrutable; his eyes were fixed on Indra; his lips moved, as he repeated mantras. I saw the Saheb fire, and, when the smoke had cleared away, the bear was moving forward, as though badly hit, while the Saheb, springing up, ran after him. Indra went on until he came to the river which flows from the Cow's Mouth. There was a snow bridge. He walked over and made his way up the hillside. The Saheb rushed on and reached the bridge. As he stepped on it, Indra stopped and turned; the bridge gave way; the Saheb had gone. I saw the shikari rush forward.... then the cloud passed and it was clear once more."

"When the dawn came, the Holy One was sitting quite still, just as I had last seen him before I fell asleep. I swept out the cave and prepared his food, but he would not eat. He knew he was dying. He called me to him and whispered to me those sacred words, which I, when my turn comes, will hand on to my successor. For some days he lived, though he would take neither food nor drink. Just before he passed, he raised himself. As he did so the bear stood beside him, his wound healed! 'See!', he said, 'Indra is not dead; he will never die; but let those who seek to kill him beware!' He fell back, and, as I caught him, once again a mist came before my eyes. When it had passed, Indra had gone."

"For some moments I was silent. The tale I had just heard was extraordinary, and yet I felt that the man was not one who would deign to impose on the credulous. Evidently he read what was passing in my mind. 'Saheb', he said 'I told you, when I began, that, though you might not believe me, I would prove to you the truth of my words. Look!' I turned to where the *saddhu* pointed. The great peaks stood out clear against the sky. Far below one could catch glimpses of the river as it tore along its rocky bed. And then suddenly a mist swept before my eyes, blotting out the scene. For some seconds I could make out nothing. Then the mist seemed to dissolve, and the mountains reappeared. But the view was not that which had been before the cloud had passed over it. What I saw was the opening of the Tungru nullah, and there were human figures descending on the snow-fields of the main valley. As the leader turned the shoulder of the great cliff, a shape could be seen on a pinnacle of rock some distance ahead."

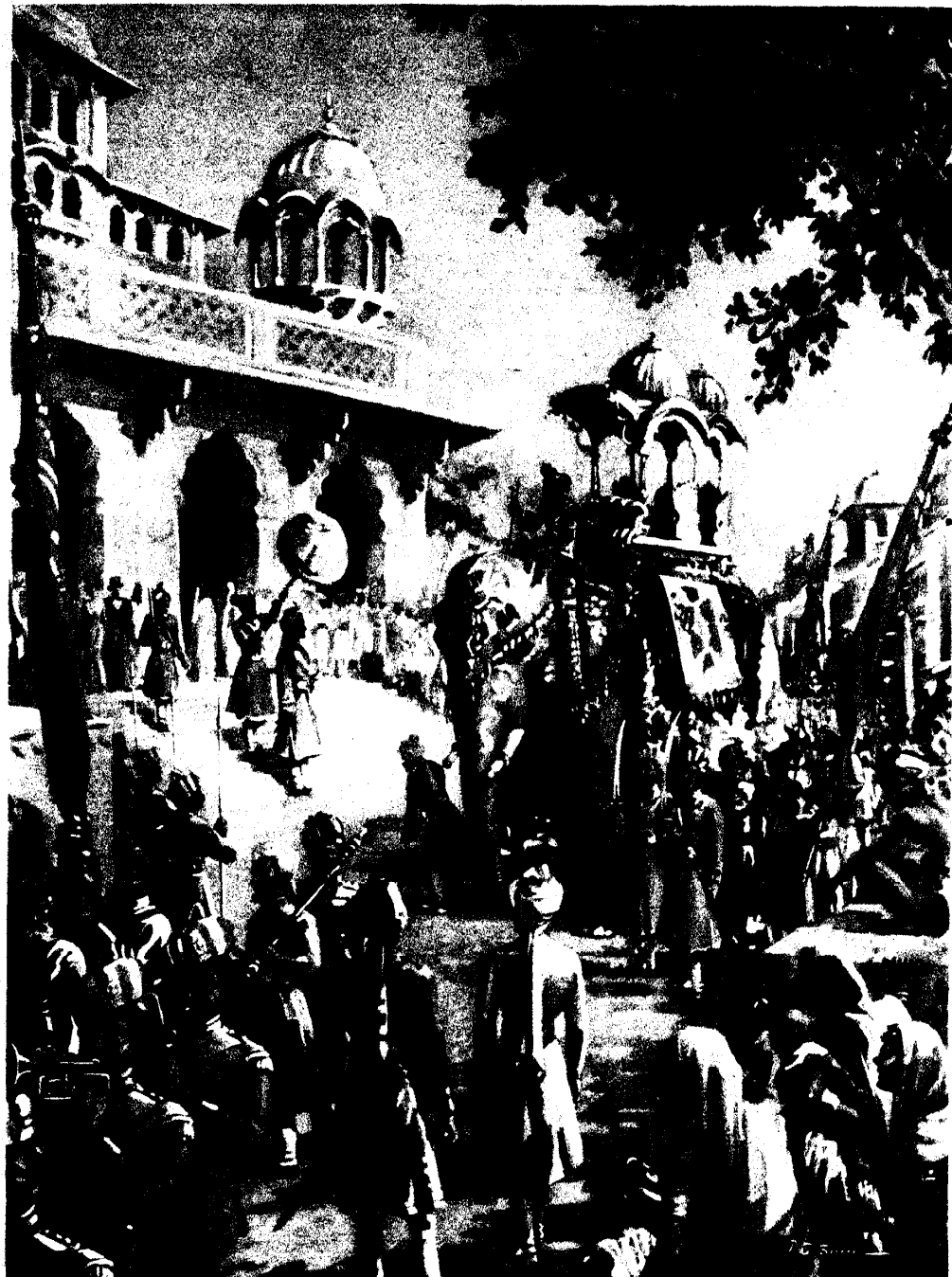
"Then the field of vision contracted, as though I were looking through a telescope. I now saw—as clearly as I can see you—myself, followed by Mehr Singh and my coolies, while the shape on the rock stood out as a great red bear. I need not repeat what followed, for you already know the

details—the gun being knocked upward by Mehr Singh, my second attempt to shoot the animal, when I found I had forgotten to reload; the snow on which I was resting slipped towards the river. I saw Indra, as I had seen him at the last, standing with his head turned towards me, the white patch like a hand on his shoulder. Then it passed like a dissolving view, and all was clear again."

And that, as near as I can remember it, was the story O'Meara told me. Some years ago I read in the Press an account of a

European having been drowned on a shooting expedition in the Himalayas. There was some mystery about the accident at the time, but I never learnt any details. I have often wondered whether there was any connection between that tragedy and what I heard that night in the hotel. Whether the dead man was yet another victim of the ghost-bear Indra I cannot tell, but I have had too many strange experiences during my Indian service to be able to dismiss a thing as a mere coincidence just because it happens to be out of the ordinary.





THE MAHARAJA LEAVES THE DURBAR HALL

The EARTH TREMBLED

THE gods were growing angry with the City of Temples. Daily throughout Dev Nagari the smoke of incense ascended; and the sound of chanted mantras, and rich offerings—jewels and brocades, silks and saffron and gold—were heaped upon the altars. Daily the priests invoked the gods, praying that the Maharani's wish might be granted, and she bear a child; but in vain; for the all-seeing gods had looked deep into the wicked heart of the Maharani, and her purpose was not hidden from them.

Once Dev Nagari had been a city of worship, made holy by the number of its temples, the piety of its priests and people. Remote in its far mountain fastness, self-supporting, secure from attack or invasion by reason of its sheer inaccessibility, it had been given as wholly as a city may be to the service of the gods. Its rich men had made splendid offerings for the succour of the poor, its craftsmen—for whom it was famous—had wrought wondrous temples

and sacred carvings out of the marbles from its quarries; the lowliest folk unflinching performed their daily acts of piety. These last did so still, unquestioning in their faith; but in the high places corruption flourished.

It had all come about since the old Maharajah had re-married, taking a young wife. The Maharani Chatar Vati was more beautiful than a dream, but her heart was cruel and greedy and filled with the lust of power. She had no love for her husband, though she pretended to have; she had considerably less for his son Ragho Dev, only child of the first Maharani. She wanted—she intended—the throne to go to her own descendants, not those of another woman.

Ragho Dev went his own way, which was a very different one from the way of the Court under his stepmother's sway. He was a quiet youth, greatly given to the study of holy matters; he would have been happier as a priest than as a Crown Prince. He viewed Chatar Vati's innovations with distrust. She brought her own friends and favourites into the kingdom, and put them into power; under her influence the priests became greedy, their minds set on worldly gain.

As the Maharajah grew older and more feeble, his strength of body and mind waning, she took over the reins of govern-

ment more and more, and the splendours of the Court waxed marvellous to behold, but the humble folk found themselves weighed down beneath increasing taxes and heavy oppression. They were a patient people, but in time their burden grew beyond all reason.

"Why should we suffer like this to satisfy a woman's greed?" they said. "The Maharajah is past ruling now; let Prince Ragho claim his rightful place, or at least be regent for his father. He is a good man and will be a good king."

Thus the murmuring of their discontent; which presently grew until it reached the ears of the Maharani. It made her angry; it also set her thinking. The upshot of it was that she sought her husband one day with the flaming eyes and stormy bearing of one who has been deeply wronged.

"What is amiss, Chatar?" he asked.

"Much is amiss," the Maharani said. I have been insulted, and blood alone will wash out the slur upon my honour."

"By whom?" said the Maharajah with lowered brows.

"By your son!" said Chatar Vati.

"Ragho? 'Never!'"

"Even so. Oh, you may shake your head; he is not the saint you think him.

He is young, remember; and young blood runs hot; and—and I am young too—"

"What do you mean?" the Maharajah demanded.

"I mean," said his wife, "that Ragho has long done his utmost to force his love upon me. For months now I have warned him that I should tell you, and hesitated to do so, knowing how dear he is to you. But to-day he has gone too far. He will deny it; but I swear to you by all the gods that it is true!"

Across the sky there sounded a low mutter of thunder, as if the gods were by no means unaware of their name thus taken in vain.

The Maharajah's old eyes lit up with something of their ancient fire.

"This," he said furiously, "comes as no great surprise to me. I have long had my suspicions of him." It was the truth; his wife, though he did not realise it, had been at pains to implant them in his mind. "Have him summoned immediately, and I will deal with him as he deserves."

"How?" asked the Maharani.

The old King's brows darkened. "It is in my mind," he said, "that he should die, having assailed your honour and mine."

So Prince Ragho Dev was summoned to the presence, and the charge laid against him.



"That is well," said Chatar Vati.

"But since he is still my son, for all his perfidy, I will not go so far. I shall cast him into prison instead."

So Prince Ragho Dev was summoned to the presence, and the charge laid against him. He denied it strenuously and indignantly, but in vain. The Maharani had come prepared for that, and was ready with so skilful a network of lies and details and dates that mere truth stood no chance whatever against her. In the end the Maharajah, growing more and more

incensed, and spurred by the dreadful hopeless jealousy of the aged, lost patience and called his guards; and they bore Ragho Dev away to the royal prison—an old fortress on the outskirts of the city. As the great doors closed on him the thunder broke and leapt and rolled across the sky, and men even declared that the earth trembled a very little. "Truly the gods are angry with Dev Nagari," said the humble folk fearfully.

In the loneliness of his prison Ragho Dev spent most of his time in meditation.

Being a royal prisoner he was not confined to a cell, but had the freedom of the place, for what such freedom was worth; the place was ancient, rat-riddled, and reputed to be badly haunted. Ragho Dev was not afraid of ghosts, but the youth within him chafed at his captivity. He roamed all over the old, deserted rooms, and one day found in a wall deep down near the foundations a stone that moved. With all his strength he tugged at it, and presently it moved a little and a little more, and at last rolled inward, revealing a narrow winding passage.

"Now praise be to the gods!" said Ragho Dev, and stooped and plunged into that darksome way, pulling the stone back into its place behind him. The passage wound and wound and grew larger, until he was able to walk upright. Presently a cool draught blew against his face, and then round a corner he saw the first small shaft of daylight. Praising the gods anew for that, he walked on, until suddenly the dark cavernous passage gave upon a wide, deep cleft in the mountains, along the bottom of which he walked as on a natural road. Very high above him, the rocky walls veined with marble, revealed the sky.

Still he kept on. The fissure widened, becoming less deep and at last spread into a kind of natural amphitheatre where stood, to his amazement, a temple hewn out of the marble. He halted, gazing at it incredulously. "It was beautiful beyond words; marvellously skillful masons must have fashioned it, and brilliant sculptors wrought the lovely decorations, the delicate carvings in bas-relief, the elaborate images of Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh. Ragho, himself a sculptor of no mean ability, was dumb before such workmanship. Reverently, filled with wonder, he drew near.

He saw that, beautiful though it was, the temple was unfinished; the carvings on the slender pillars awaited completion, the altars were not yet erected, though the marble stones lay ready; chippings and fragments bestrewed the floor, and the dust of time lay in a fine veil over everything. And when he had searched a little longer, he found the bones of men, long bleached with passing of years, and in the hand of one skeleton a chisel still lay.

"Now if the god will," said Ragho Dev, "I, who am also a sculptor, will finish this work, and dedicate the temple as a thank-offering for my deliverance."

Ragho Dev marked a route down the cliff by which he might descend in safety. He waited until darkness had well fallen, then went down to the city, and sought out the house of a friend, one Mangal Das, whom he knew he could trust with his life.

Mangal Das greeted him with joy.

"Truly I thought you were dead, Raj Kumar (Prince)," said, "when I heard that you were not to be found in the prison. They searched the city for you, but I took that for no more than a ruse of the Maharani's, and felt sure that she had secretly made away with you. For your life's sake you must not be seen abroad; but this is your home for as long as you will; I and mine would give our lives rather than betray you."





The buildings swayed, tottered, crashed singly and in groups, an without, in the streets, the scream of terrified people rang, only to be drowned in the noise of falling masonry.

"Well I know it," said Ragho Dev. "You are a good friend, Mangal; but I may not stay here. I have a vow to fulfil. Not only did the gods deliver me from prison; they also showed me the means of repaying them."

With the chisel he had found in the long-dead sculptor's hand he completed that sculptor's work. It was not an easy task, but he did not mind; and slowly, gradually, the lovely thing achieved perfection beneath his hands, and he was happy.

But in the City of the Temples was gloom; and fear lay on the hearts of the people. For now the throne was without an heir; and the old king aged daily and could not last long, and what would become of Dev Nagari then?

On a night when the world was very still, with a stillness that had something ominous about it, Mangal Das came heavily, bearing bad news, to Ragho Dev. He found the Prince filled with a quiet but joyful elation.

"My friend, be glad!" said Ragho Dev. "I have completed my task!"

He led Mangal Das to the temple, and in the moonlight its loveliness stood complete, down to the last petal of the last little carved blossom. Mangal Das stood awed by so much beauty; for a moment he almost forgot his own unhappy thoughts; but not for long, and his face betrayed it.

"You are troubled, Mangal," the Prince said shrewdly. "What tidings do you bring?"

"Bad," said Mangal. "I grieve for the people of Dev Nagari. The High Priest has told the Maharajah that since nothing has availed to move the gods, it must be that they demand human sacrifice."

"Human sacrifice!" Ragho echoed, horrified; it was many years since such things had happened in the City of the Temples.

"Ay; and not that alone, but on the highest scale. Nothing less than royal blood, he assures her, will pacify the gods, so long have they been angry. And since royal blood is not available—had you not escaped from prison we can guess whose

would have been shed—a hundred of the common sort are to die at sunrise before Kali's altar."

"What?" Ragho Dev exclaimed. "Oh, impossible! She would not dare—"

"Raj Kumar, she does dare. By that mass-sacrifice she hopes to appease the goddess and gain her heart's desire. There is nothing to be done about it."

"There is," said Ragho Dev slowly; "one thing to be done about it."

He turned away and stood gazing for a moment at the completed temple he looked at it as if he loved it. When he faced his friend again he was looking with a strange, grave happiness.

"The gods have been very good to me, Mangal," he said. "They have made me finish my task—aye, down to the last petal of the last little carved blossom—before calling upon me for my sacrifice."

Fear caught at the heart of Mangal Das. "What do you mean?" he cried.

"I mean," said Ragho Dev, "that a hundred of my people shall not die when one life alone will suffice. Royal blood is available, Mangal: mine."

"No! Raj Kumar, no! Not you!" cried Mangal, stricken to the heart.

"Would you, who love me, have me do otherwise?" said Ragho Dev and Mangal did not reply.

Ragho looked once more at the temple. Then he turned away; and in silence, Mangal grieving bitterly, they traversed the steep track down to Dev Nagari as the first faint pallor of dawn spread over the eastern sky.

As they neared the town the sound of women's wailing greeted them. As they approached the temple of Kali they saw that the streets were full of people, but near the temple was none; the priests feared trouble if a crowd gathered too close. At first none noticed Ragho Dev, for all were too full of their own sorrow; then suddenly a woman, spying his face, cried aloud; and the tidings spread; and soon the streets were ringing with his name; and in this

wise, aloof, with that one faithful friend beside him, Prince Ragho Dev returned to the land which was his heritage.

None attempted to stay him, and he walked up to the temple of Kali, and faced the amazed High Priest.

"You will set those men free," he said; "I am the sacrifice."

"Highness!" the High Priest said, bewildered.

"It is not yet sunrise," Ragho Dev said tranquilly. "When that moment comes, I am ready."

And the gods said, "Not so!"

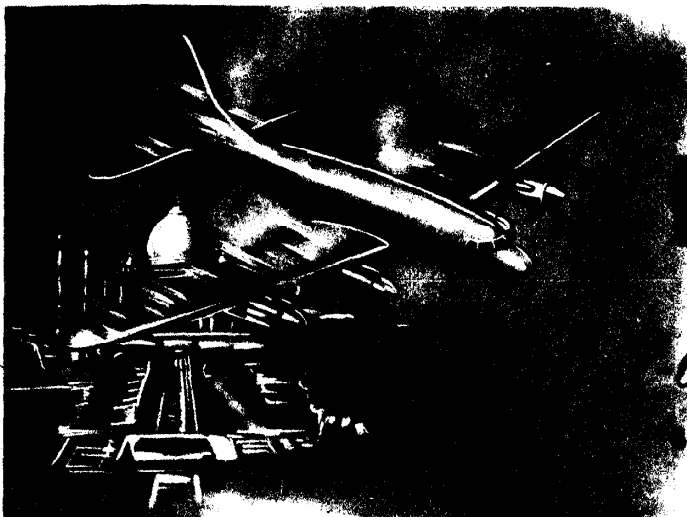
Suddenly, as prince and priest faced each other, the earth trembled beneath their feet. Suddenly, with a deep rumbling sound, it trembled again, more violently, and shook, and rocked. The buildings swayed, tottered, crashed singly and in groups, and without, in the streets, the screams of terrified people rang, only to be drowned in the noise of falling masonry. And the hideous shaking went on.

Ragho Dev saw, as he stood with Mangal beside him, half the temple of Kali subside with a crash and a cloud of dust and flying fragments. He saw also, as he turned, the Maharajah's palace collapse like a house of cards, burying all who were in it; and temple after temple go down, until in a little while the proud city of Dev Nagari was no more than a nightmare of ruin and desolation; and at long last, slowly, with lessening tremors, the fury of the gods passed and was gone.

Ragho stood unharmed amid the wreckage. He walked forward a little way and saw with wonder that that quarter of the town where the people dwelled had suffered least of all; it was on the temples and the houses of the great—and corrupt—that the full wrath of the gods had fallen. And as he walked, and the remnant of his people hailed him, Mangal suddenly cried out and pointed over the strangely altered landscape.

He looked and beheld a miracle. The earthquake that had razed the city had rent the very mountains also, as earthquakes will. It had torn away the sides of the fissure; and there in the light of day for all to see stood, Prince Ragho's own marble temple, beautiful, complete, and unharmed.

The anger of the gods had passed indeed.



INDIA

at the
Cross Roads

BY B.J. HURREN

A LEARNED master in mathematics was accustomed to caution his students with the words: Before you attempt to answer this problem it is advisable to read the question.

Such an outlook must apply particularly to India, which stands at the aerial cross-roads in more senses than one.

First, it is demonstrably a main junction of intersecting airlines. A pocket atlas can show that to be true, and the immediate but perhaps superficial inference is that *ipso facto* it must itself be a major operator of air services.

Now this is where the question should be read closely. Anyone can run an air service—but bitter experience proves that alarmingly few air services run at a profit, at least at our present stage of development. In a large number of cases, the airlines have been operated basically for reasons of political prestige, but during the war years there has grown up an entirely artificial network of military—yet for all intents commercial—air services which operate under protected conditions.

The fact of the matter is that until more experience is gained in operating modern airlines *under economic conditions*, the business will be a hazard in which the present trend of balance is rather on the loss side than the profit.

Nevertheless, the mighty wealth of India may ignore such losses in order to establish prestige. To undertake such services involves two factors: either the prestige aircraft are designed and built in India or they are to be purchased outside India and operated by nationals on domestic routes, which could run to many thousands of miles without crossing the frontiers.

Frankly, the former alternative seems impracticable. Whilst India has learned the way of the air, as two decades ago it learned the way of the road, the design and development experience available is negligible compared with Britain and America.

On the other hand, maintenance, repair and general servicing in India have grown astonishingly during the past few years.

It would therefore seem, on a face view, that the sensible thing to do in India in order to get things moving on the right lines would be to build up an extensive maintenance and repair organisation and "sit on the fence" for the present as regards design and development.

At first sight, this might seem to be throwing away prestige; but a closer view may veer to the opinion that it is the surest way to lay the lasting foundations of a brilliant air future for India.

This can be shown briefly by a survey of the position today, coupled with a forecast of the aircraft in 1950 and, say, 1955.

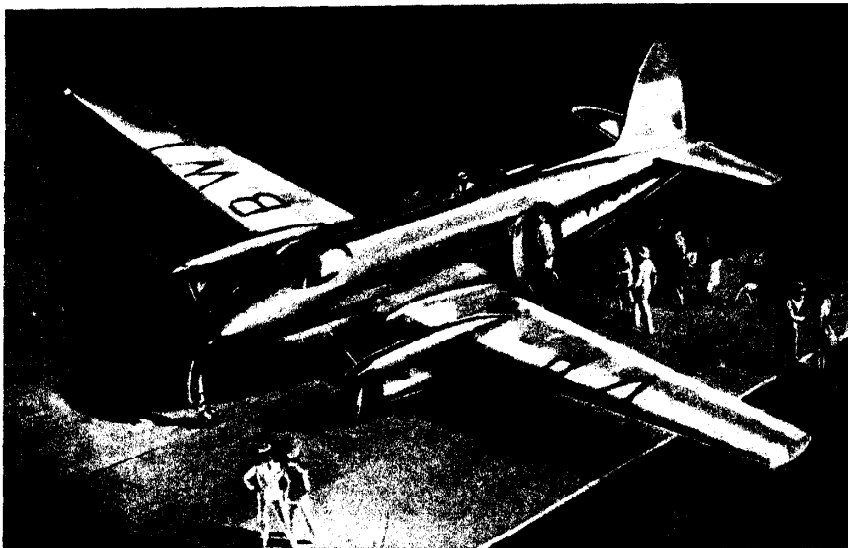
Of the two major constructional nations, America has announced so many plans that the picture tends to be confused. It is certain that a percentage of these plans will never get beyond the newspaper columns, and what may emerge eventually is almost anybody's guess. For America will have an embarrassment of 1944 vintage

aircraft which, month by month, will slide down the scale of obsolescence—not so much from the technical or aerodynamic aspect as the economic and commercial operating angles.

Britain, on the other hand, has a clear field ahead. By early 1945, for example, no fewer than 18 types of civil airliner were in progress of development as the tempo of the switch from war to peace production speeded up. Of these, particular interest centres on the fact that hardly any of them overlap in their categories. They range from luxury liners such as the Handley Page Hermes and Avro Tudor down to the smaller, short-stage aircraft such as the modernised and civil flying version of the wartime Avro Anson and the new feeder transporter, the de Havilland Dove. Intermediate aircraft, each with its particular advantage, are the Miles M. 60, the Vickers Viking (in either passenger or freight version) and the Bristol Freighter which has been mentioned as being able to deliver goods to the formula "A Penny a Pound to Paris". There is also the 250,000 lb. Bristol Brabazon I.



Dimensions: Span 150' 4". Length 109' 6". Height 40' 2½". All up weight 130,000 lbs.
4. Bristol "Centaurus" 18 cylinder sleeve valve Engines of approximately 2500 Horse power each.

DeHAVILLAND
DOVE

But a word of warning about these may be sounded if we are looking ahead to 1955. It is clear that aviation itself is also at the cross-roads, for the end of the war will enable release for civil flying of equipment which has been kept on a secret and purely military basis. The vast subject of radar in itself opens almost unlimited prospects

for commercial operations, whilst the jet engine is barely out of its swaddling clothes.

Now, it is in these two fields particularly that it would pay Indian resources to sit on the fence and bide a while for the ultimate type of civil aircraft to emerge; and this it will be seen can only happen when the shackles of war are cast aside.

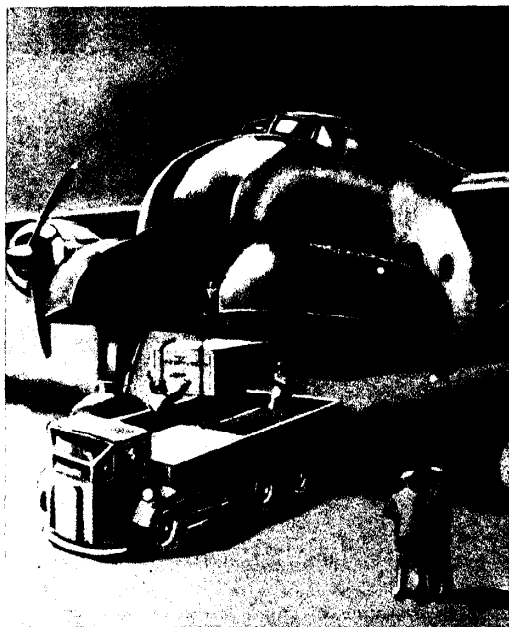
It is here, in radar and engine development, that British experts view the future with absolute confidence. It cannot be stressed too much that radar is entirely a British invention, and its subsequent developments have been likewise British though just tribute must be made to the modifications and production technique improvements introduced elsewhere. The indisputable fact is that British scientists have many more developments up their sleeves, and from these a sort of corner in brains in Britain is likely to develop even more sensational inventions.

The same applies to the gas turbine (jet) engine. In less than 10 years this new prime mover has made almost unbelievable technical advance, and is still on the upgrade.

The significance of the jet engine is this. It means, to invent a descriptive phrase, "Tailored Power." To explain: in the past, the aircraft designer was limited within quite narrow lines to a choice of internal combustion engines. These have grown in power, but there are obvious signs that the limits of such power can be seen. Having made his preliminary calculations, the designer was allowed very little room to juggle with weights and dimensions, since the powerplants were not flexible in output range.

The jet engine has changed this picture. It is certainly still in its first stages of development but scientists recently assembled at the Royal Aeronautical Society in London produced cogent arguments that convinced listeners that there will be an increasing trend towards gas turbine power. With that, there will almost certainly be a revolution in design, and the introduction of Flying Wing type aircraft can be confidently predicted.

Few people realise that before 1939 and the war clamped down on British civil aviation, Britain was the world's greatest exporter of aircraft and aeronautical equipment. Some British civil aircraft have

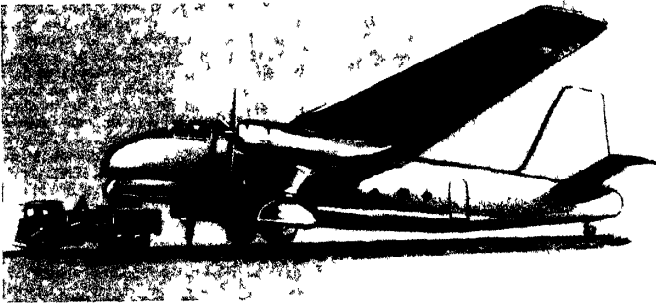
THE BRISTOL
FREIGHTER.

New cargo aircraft expected to operate at phenomenally low figure of 1/- per ton mile. Picture shows nose loading hatch with travelling gantry built in to facilitate loading.

MILES IN 40.

flown on scheduled air services in more than 40 different countries, under the widest range of climatic conditions. Others, like the Short Empire Class Flying Boat and the H. P. 42 set an edge for others to follow with standards years in advance of the times.

This predominant position in world markets may well be recovered now that the tremendous war experience gained by British aircraft constructors can be diverted and adapted to civil flying. It is therefore of especial significance that the Society of British Aircraft Constructors has started an Export Section, under the chairmanship of a live-wire and young constructor. Evidence in abundance exists that the world wants to buy British aeronautical equipment, and the basic idea of the S.B.A.C.



THE BRISTOL FREIGHTER

New cargo aircraft by the Bristol Aeroplane Company made to measure for the job and expected to operate at phenomenally low figure of 1 per ton mile. Payload 9,000 lbs for 300 miles maximum range 1400 miles all-up weight 27,500 lbs. 2 Bristol Perseus sleeve valve engines.

Export Section is to have established offices abroad under London direction so that first-hand information may be locally on tap, in both directions, as to aircraft available and airline operators and military needs.

At the top of the list for these overseas offices, which the representative body of the British aircraft industry is establishing are India and S. America. The implications are obvious, and with the further information that at this date there are more projects on the design boards than ever before in the long years of British air history, there is every confidence that in measurable time the former predominant position will be re-established.

It is with some background knowledge of many of these projects for the future that, in my opinion, I cannot see that India could advance her air interests at this stage more effectively than by developing on the widest basis the groundwork of maintenance and repair, for though unglamorous that is the true foundation of successful air services.



EMPIRE FLYING BOAT

Dimensions: Span 114 ft Length 88 ft Height 31 ft 10" All up weight (standard) 40,500 lbs. 4 Bristol Perseus X.C. Engines 740 Rated Horse Power each



INDIAN DANCING

By ENAKSHI RAMRAU



DANCING, which is one of the expressions of emotion natural to all human creatures, has been largely influenced by Nature and its surroundings. Man liked the musical inkle of the forest stream, the delicacy of the song of birds, the roar of the wild animals, the sounds of the elements, and from these impressions sprang responsive feelings within himself. He also desired to imitate the rhythm of the dancing peacock, the agility of the frolicsome deer, the slow measured steps of the elephant, the grace of the swan, the fiery passion of the wild animals at war, and to give these their relevant accompaniment of sounds. Thus arose the creation and development of crude movements with vocal explanations, like the dances of the savage tribes in the forests to celebrate festivals and ceremonies.

Only after years, however, did man succeed in getting his complete range of emotions expressed in movement and signs together with musical accompaniment, so that the performer could convey any sentiment without speech to his audiences. Nature therefore moulded his mind at first with its beauty, tremendous power, changing moods, harmony in its multiplicity; and the religious fervour of his simple mind made him associate every phase of it with something sublime and heavenly.

In India the Hindu dancer invented a beautiful scheme, whose entire conception would be one of perfect content, where the outward movements combined harmoniously with the inner spiritual meaning. In his mind grew picturesque visions of the gods and goddesses, their heavenly minstrels and attendants, and endowing these immortals with human attributes, he created perfect beings dancing with wondrous poses and gestures to express anger, joy, sorrow, fear and the whole gamut of emotions. Herein came the origin of the fine combination of Nature, the spiritual and the real.

For this very comprehensive mode of dance, the whole body, the eyes, the face, the eyebrows, the limbs and the head were used, combined with hand gestures or language signs which would be used in the place of talk. And the accompanying music, too, had to have its origin in Nature, being associated with the cries of animals and birds, serving as concrete tests for the accuracy of reproduction. The seven notes of the main tonic scale are classified as follows: — Sa (Shagda) the cry of the peacock; Ri (Rishaba) the sound made by the cow calling her calf; Ga (Gandhara) the

bleat of the goat; Ma (Madhyama) the cry of the heron, and the tonic note of Nature; Pa (Panchama) the note of the cuckoo or Kokila, the Indian Nightingale; Da (Dhaivata) the neighing of the horse; Ni (Nishada) the trumpeting of the elephant.

Apart from this natural explanation of the development of the Indian dance, there is also the romantic one which gives to it a divine source. According to legend, Indra the Lord of Heaven asked Brahma the first of the Hindu Trinity to create a pastime that would appeal to the Gods. Brahma took the exquisite lyrical matter from the first book of the Aryans, the Rig Veda; the music from the second or Sama Veda; and the emotional flavour from the third or Adharva Veda and created the dance. He then had it taught by revelation to the great sage Bharata and his hundred sons, who spread the art by teaching it to human beings.

The supreme Lord of the dance, however, is Shiva, the third of the Hindu Trinity. There are three aspects of his dances, namely, the destructive, the Yogic, and the Gift Giving. In the first aspect Shiva is the Destroyer and he dances on the burning ground to destroy the Ego of man and burn away all illusions and desires. In the second aspect, his dance is one of calm and beauty at sunset, when he calls to his followers to worship him with peace in their hearts. The soul of man drinks deep then of self-forgetfulness and is purified not by force but by the creative power of contemplation. The third aspect is that of the Nata:aja, the Creator of Cosmic movement, where he destroys evil, granting reward in this world and bliss in the next to the countless souls that love him, showing the dual significance representing the material pro-

cesses of Nature on the one hand, and the subjective spiritual processes on the other.

In the dances of Sri Krishna with Radha and the Gopis (milkmaids), the latter represent the eternal longing of the individual and the countless souls respectively to join the divine soul of God. Something good and beautiful underlies the idea of the dances of the Gods; for beauty alone can bring to the hearts of man goodness, and love can move them to compassion.

In the Indian classical dance, drama, acting, music and dancing are considered inseparable. The dance comprises dancing, acting, movements of the arms with hand gestures, flavour and mood. And is always divided into the Tandava or forceful type of dancing, and the Lasya or sweet and gentle style. The expression of the dance is detailed in the Mudras or hand gestures—the Bhava or mood tenderly described by the glances and head movements, and the rhythmic timing by the feet. And it was a definite art where nothing was left to the creative impulse of the moment, but was mastered so perfectly that each dancer's individuality freed it from all monotony.

In South India, with its age-old carved temples and true Hindu culture, the classic dance as described by Bharata in his Science of Dancing has been best preserved. The perfect angles that arms and waist-line take, the swing of the head, the combination of foot-work which passes from flat of foot to toes, toes to heels, and heels to ball of foot, and the explicit hand gestures supported with facial expressions pregnant with meaning, decorated as they are with the play of the eyes, eye-brows and trembling lips, make the dancer appear as if the immortal temple sculptures have come to life. The dance usually begins with the "Allaripu"

A Kathakali dance scene showing some of the characters from the Epic poem "The Ramayana": from left to right Narada The Sage, Ravana the demon king, Sri Krishna, Seetha and Rama.



Sri Krishna in his immortal pose of holding his flute



*Bharata Natya school of classical dance done in Tanjore
Madras and S. India*

A Kathakali dancer in his pose



*Dance of the Vairavas or gypsies with painted sticks
to celebrate the wedding and the coming of the blossoms*





A POSE FROM THE MANIPURI DANCE



AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE CLASSICAL "BHARAT NATYA"

or "the opening of bud into blossom," making a prelude to the performance and introducing a general outline of the form and technique of the dance. It is followed by the "Jatiswaram," where the background music and dance movements become more technical, and pure dance composition is at its best. Third is introduced the "Sahdam," a musical piece rendered in gesture language; and then the "Varanam," the most highly elaborate dance conception, being composed of gestures with rhythmic cadences, containing many pure dance preludes, interludes and finales with fine technique and emotional acting. It finally ends with the "Tillana," depicting all the feminine charm and a woman's airs and graces.

In the North, the classic dance is known as the Khatak. Here also the themes are devotional and interpretive, though more of the swift movements are done on the flat of the foot, the toes and in pirouetting, so that the wide glittering dance skirt spreads out like a bluebell turned upside down. All the set rules and regulations of the South Indian dance known as the Bharata Natya are recognised by the Khatak dancers, and here also the drummer keeps the main rhythm, and fits in at double, treble, or four times the speed, little words that are danced to embellish the technique, and enhance the perfect balance of body, quick turns and lightning speed. A finished dancer in Khatak could trace blindfolded with his feet the pattern of a peacock or an elephant on a floor covered with rice powder; or move the feet so delicately that only a certain number or even a single ankle bell could be made to sound from the whole circlet of bells.

Kathakali, the dance dramas of Malabar, are performed by the people of the village under spreading trees, lighted by dozens of little oil lamps flickering in shining brass candelabra. Whole episodes are danced from the epics, the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, and must be classed as one of the

richest forms of folk dancing. Done to the accompaniment of music, in which the recitation of "Slokas" connect the incidents of the story, and "Padams" explain the dialogues of the characters, the dancers can talk for hours with their hands using a detailed gesture language that embodies about eight hundred in number, and dividing the long conversations with pure dance interludes. Loud drumming announces the commencement of the play, after which a curtain is raised before the audience, and dancers go through all the various timings in five varieties behind it. Then they appear and start with the "Parappadu" or the pure technique, which is very forceful, doing intricate foot-work, body poses, the spreading of the legs while standing on the edges of the feet, fluttering of eye-brows, eye glances, fan-wise head movements and hand gestures. To heighten the dramatic effect, an elaborate facial make-up of rice powder, lime and certain paints is used, green being for good characters, and red or black for wicked or fierce ones. The fine shading, the outstanding fluted beards built with rice paste, and the judicious colouring show a highly developed art involving great skill in drawing with paints.

One of the most graceful types of folk dancing is that of the Manipuri people. All their dance themes are taken from the legendary lives of Sri Krishna, Radha, the Gopis and Gopas as they lived and danced on the banks of the Jamuna river at Brindaban. They have no comprehensive gesture language, but use a few expressive hand poses; the elastic circling of wrists and undulations of the whole arm; lilting movements of the body full of a rare grace, and a gentle waving of the head in a circular motion. Usually the dances are performed at night in a dance house constructed with dry corn stalks and decorated with leaves and flowers. Among their most famous motifs is the one taken from the theme that one night when Sri Krishna walked in the

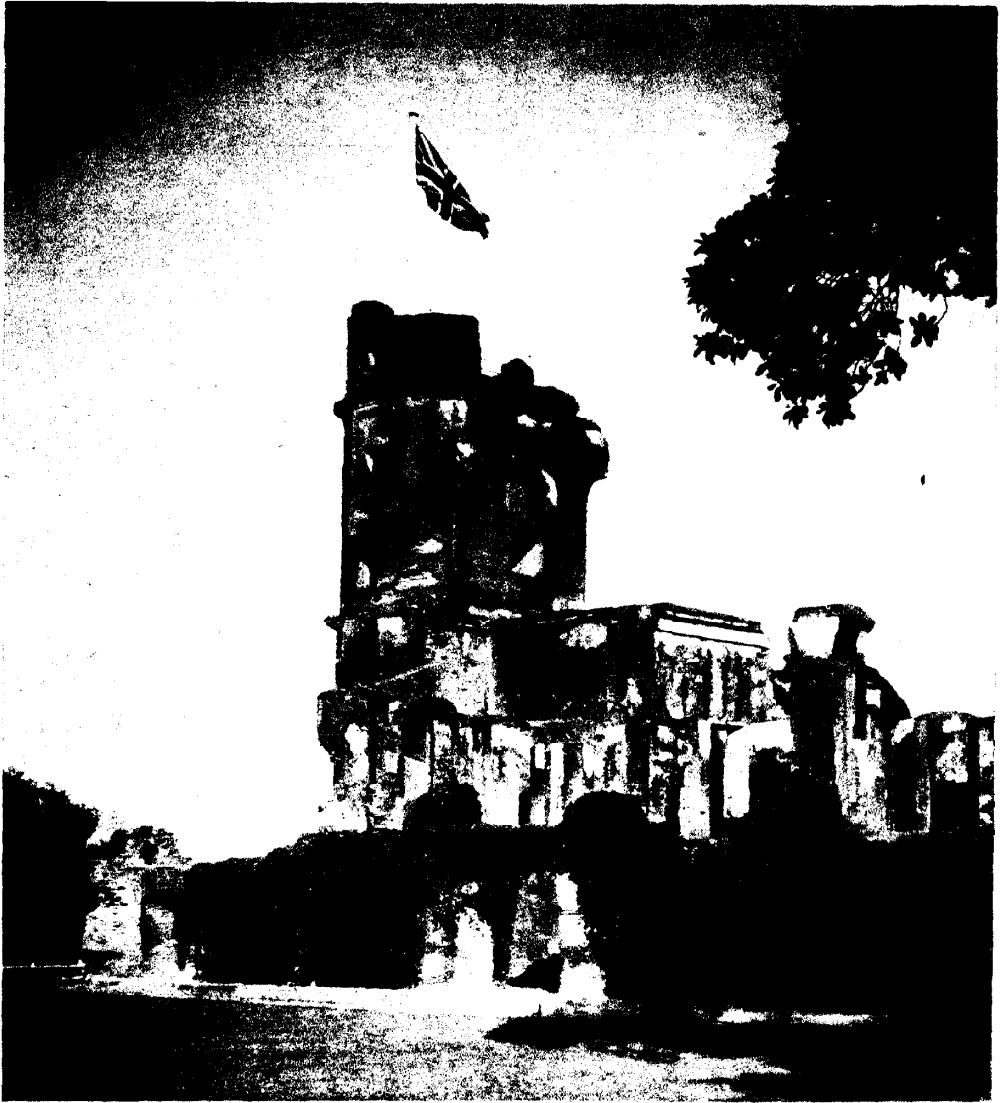
soft radiance of the full moon, a tender breeze wafted the scent of thousands of creamy Malika blossoms, and being filled with an inner joy, he played on his magical flute and Radha and the Gopis heard and came forth and danced with him in pure rapture.

Folk dancing, too, has its root in Nature, the peasants being children of the soil, and seeing in every sign of life the mysteries of God's creation. It is also seasonal, being closely united with the varying times throughout the year which are dedicated to the several gods and goddesses. In peasant India, Sri Krishna the incarnation of perpetual youth is the favourite God, and in autumn when the leaves are rust and the fields golden, his birthday is celebrated with dance and song. While during the rainy season, they propitiate Indra (Nourisher of the Earth) and Agni (Quickener of seeds), and also worship and dance before Ganesh the fortune-giving elephant-headed God.

After this comes the harvest festivities sung and danced to Surya (the Sun God) and Prithvi (the Earth) invoking prosperity when the ripe corn is cut, winnowed and threshed. Far away in Kathiawar sacred songs accompany dances done with painted sticks and cymbals in honour of Sri Krishna and Ganesh to grant happiness and fortune respectively. Other dances include the Holi or Carnival of Colours in Spring time, when coloured liquid and flowers are thrown in honour of Nature in her jewelled array of awakening buds, as also the autumnal festival of Diwali or Thousand Lights, when song and dance proclaim the conquest of Lord Vishnu, the Preserver, over the demons of hell. Hundreds of such festivals occur in folk dancing, which like the classical dance have a material yet symbolic depiction of beliefs founded on religious conceptions with Nature as the inspiration. And they both together lend a meaning to Indian culture which has come down through the ages.

Bharata Natya school of dance as done in Tanjore, Madras and S. India.





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WINTER *Beyond the* BRAMAPUTRA

By Jean Hughes

AT down the mist is cold
And grey as a dove's wing.
Dew drips from the leaves
Like rain-drops from the sky;
The spiders' webs are threaded
With its beads.
Soon comes the Sun
In his golden chariot,
Vanquishing the mist,
Driving it from the face of the earth.

THEN are the bamboos seen to sway
Like a woman in a green sari
Walking to the well;
And the Villagers
Go to the Rice Khets,
Cutting the yellow grain
With their sickles,
While long-tailed Monkeys
Chatter greedily in the trees.

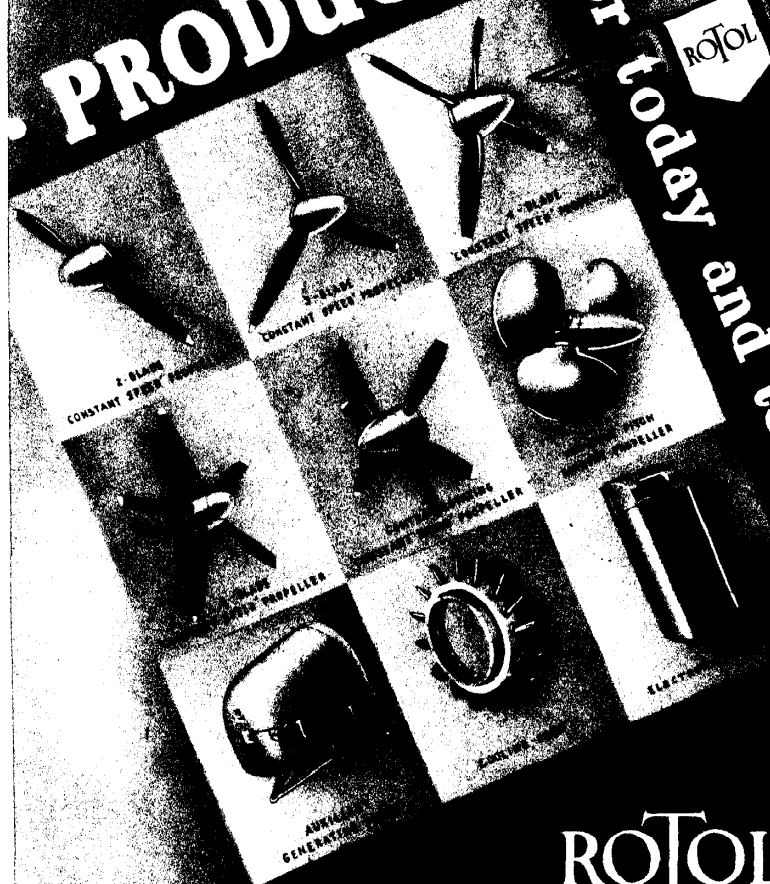


BUT when the Sun has travelled
From the East
To the Western Hills,
And the blue has faded
From the heavens,
Then the people hurry
To their little homes.
The evening fires are lit—
All is warm within—
While without, the stars shimmer
From the cold, silver sky.



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ANIMALS IN PRIMITIVE INDIAN ART

THE Indian highlander regards wild animals with a mixture of dread, excitement and a certain sly humour. The wild elephant, the tiger, and the bear is still a real menace to those who live in the remoter hills and forests. Perhaps worse than the physical danger from these animals is the effect on morale; for it is generally believed that no animal would injure a human being of its own accord. Left to themselves animals are good, decent, kindly creatures; it is only when they get into the bad company of demons or witches that they want to do anybody harm. So when a tiger kills or a snake bites, there is always a lot of trouble

Maria memorial pillar from Bastar; with representations of an entire zoo.



to find out why. Perhaps the tiger was a witch in animal form; perhaps it was sent by a malicious sorcerer in another village; maybe a neglected demon persuaded the snake to attack his careless worshipper. Wild animals may also come to trouble men and cattle for a breach of tribal law; adultery on the part of a wife is commonly held to attract man-eating tigers and a breach of food taboos may mean that a panther will devastate the herds. The result of this atmosphere of supernatural excitement means that whenever anybody is killed by a wild animal, extraordinary precautions must be taken to prevent the danger spreading; the village is sometimes put in quarantine; when the body is buried the mourners must run away without looking round; elaborate ceremonies are performed to satisfy the ghost for fear that it will in turn possess a tiger and come to

By VERRIER ELWIN

attack its descendants. And when a tiger is killed, what triumph and relief!

Only yesterday, my lord, you were lurking in the jungle.

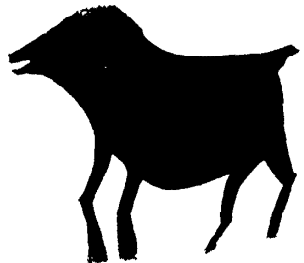
Today what a Durbar our Raja has!

But at the same time the aborigines are very interested in these animals. They have hundreds of stories about them. The tiger got its stripes, say the Chirus of the Manipur Valley, when it ran a race with a snail. The snail won and all the snails in sheer delight crawled over the defeated tiger, leaving stripes on its skin. There is a curious tradition, common to the Nagas of Assam and the Juangs of Orissa, that it was not men who evolved out of monkeys but monkeys which developed out of men. One day a party of hunters got very late

and were afraid that their wives would quarrel, so they made tails for themselves by putting branches on behind and came home jumping about and making ridiculous movements in order to make their womenfolk laugh. The women were amused all right, but when the time came to take off the tails, the men found that they had stuck and in no time they turned into monkeys. Elephants used to fly; they had great wings and must have been light as balloons. They were always falling down into the hermitages of sadhus and disturbing them at their prayers. In the old days, too, men and animals could talk to each other quite easily, and even now it is wise not to talk too loud when you are discussing how to set traps or lay poison for the rats in your house, for the clever creatures may overhear you and take warning.

It is interesting to note that in some areas the sociological rules of Hinduism have been extended to animals and even to plants. There is a regular caste system in the animal world. The cow and bullock, of course, are Brahmins. The noble tiger, the gallant horse, the free and splendid deer are the Kshattriyas, the royalty and Rajputs of the animal world. The fox is a Bania. The ass is a Sudra. The pig,

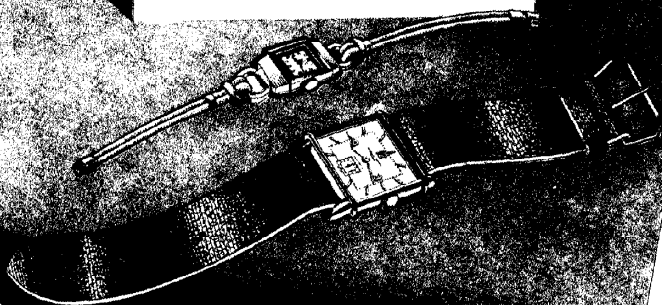
Samal wood-carving of a wild boar.



THE INDIAN ANNUAL 1946

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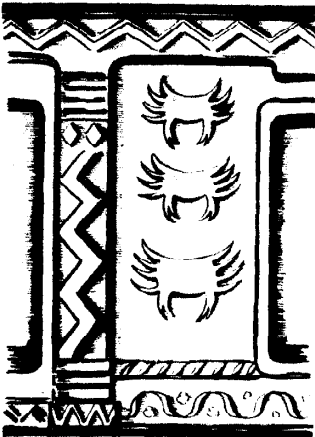
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Crabs, done in relief on the mud wall of a Pardhan house.

lizard and vulture are untouchable whose very touch defiles and whose sight is ominous. Similarly there are castes among trees; the sacred pipal and banyan are Brahmins. Other trees are untouchable and no one would use their wood in the kitchen or break a twig from their branches to clean the teeth.

There is a lot of sly humour in the villagers' attitude to animals and birds. There are any number of songs on the lines of the Nursery Rhyme—

Sing hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon.

The little dog laughed to see such sport

And the dish ran away with the spoon.

A Gond song pictures the crab's wedding.
Fish cowering the platform; the tortoise
clangs the cymbals, the crocodile blows the conch.

The poor little frog gets ready the liquor,
The water-snake is drunk already.

There is a lot of this sort of thing—

An ant died in the village;

The Chamar took away the skin.

It was nine hundred yards long.

He made fifty shoes from it.

Sometimes the songs reach a high degree of fantasy.

The stars are thundering in the sky,

The cobra roars among the anthills.

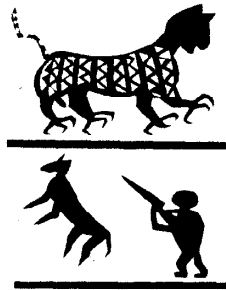
Under the earth the cobra's mate is
nodding

And the eagle dances across the sky.

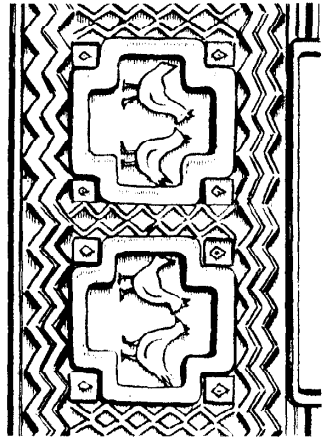
The same spirit of fantasy and humour is seen in village riddles. The pig is 'the largest mouse in the village'; a bear is 'the animal which never has its hair cut'; the crab is 'the headless man who squats at the door'; or 'the limping headman who digs a well'. A hen is 'a little old woman with a bundle of rags on her back'; a field-mouse and its mould is 'an old woman who gathers rice for beer.'

It is not surprising, therefore, to find the highlanders making crude representations of animals and birds to decorate their houses. Many Uraon villages in Chota Nagpur have

Wood-carvings of the Animals in Primitive Indian Art.



An Uraon village symbol.



Cock and hen done in relief on the mud wall of a Pardhan house.

village emblems which are carried in triumph during their festivals. They make elephants, horses, fish and crocodiles, often very realistically. The Santal decorate their marriage-litters with many carvings of animals and birds. In the Central Provinces, where there has been a death from a tiger, a hut may be erected and two enormous images of tigers made in mud and painted.

The Saora are very fond of wooden birds; any bit of wood that looks like a bird is slightly improved and put as a 'chowkidar' on the roof of the village shrine; where there is a carpenter he may make excellent representations of the peacock for this purpose. The Juangs carve combs in the shape of birds; the Murias make bird combs and tobacco-pouches in the shape of fish. The most artistic of the Orissa tribes, however, is the Kond, once notorious for human sacrifice and infanticide, now a gentle, poetically-minded people. They are very fond of wood-carving and many of their houses have pillars cut into harmonious shapes and doors decorated with pictures of animals and birds. In Bastar State a well-known Maria may have a wooden pillar ten feet high erected in his honour after his death. It will be covered with carvings of every kind of animal.

The Gonds and Pardhans of the Central Provinces prefer to express their artistic instinct in the even more transitory medium of mud and decorate their mud walls with many ingenious patterns and pictures of tribal heroes and animals which are full of life and vigour.

This form of art is rough and childlike, but it achieves life, and it suggests that here is something for 'civilization' to work on. Yet I do not know of a single school in the aboriginal areas of India where wood-carving is taught, and other attempts to develop the artistic sense of the people are elementary. Usually the effect on a boy of going to school is that he loses all interest in any kind of art and only thinks how he can get a job.

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JOHNNY GURKHA

By J.H.

A GALLANT fighter and a staunch comrade-in-arms, Johnny Gurkha will long be remembered by the thousands of British and American soldiers who have fought beside him. His curved bright kukri, razor sharp, that so neatly snicks a head off, is a coveted if somewhat weighty souvenir.

Perhaps you would like to know more about this tough little highlander than he himself can tell you. For his mother tongue, as local as the Gaelic of the Outer Hebrides, is one of dozens of obscure hill dialects of Khaskura, the Sanskrit-rooted language of Nepal. In the regiment he quickly learns Gurkhali, the domestic *lingua franca* of all Gurkha battalions. And in this he thinks, despite all Army Orders! So when he talks to you in Hindustani he is struggling with a foreign language learnt by the sweat of his good solid brow. A Gurkha recruit was taken once for deaf and dumb for a week, until someone found in the depot a man who hailed from the same village.

The Gurkha is not an Indian but a subject of the independent mountain Kingdom of Nepal, which lies between India and Tibet and contains within its borders Mount Everest (29,002 ft.); Kinchenjunga (28,146 ft.); Dhaulagiri (26,795 ft.); and Gauri Sankar (23,440 ft.). Everest, seen at a hundred miles or so from Darjeeling, was for generations known as the highest mountain in the world. Today, American and Royal Air Force pilots flying to China "over the hump," tell of a mountain higher by three thousand feet, the Shangkri-La, perhaps, of "Lost Horizon" fame, not in Nepal but just across the border in Tibet. Be that as it may, the Gurkha is first and last a highlander, and like all his kind all the world over he suffers from a very special nostalgia, an ever-longing for the *hawa-pani*—the atmosphere, if you like—of his mountains. As Kipling put it:

"Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness rather

Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits than the streets where men gather.

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise—hillmen desire their hills."

Hardly can any man be more far from home than is a Gurkha soldier in the Burmese jungle. Even in the strictly material view, if distance be measured by time, he is as far from home as is his British comrade. For there are no railways in Nepal and few roads as we know them, and by the time he has made his way from the outposts to one of the little railway stations strung along the Northern border of India, has traversed the malarial stricken jungle belt in which the southern foothills of the Himalayas run out, has swum or forded mountain torrents and climbed steep mountain tracks, he will do well if out of three months leave he gets four weeks at home before he must start back.

That was why in the piping days of peace the Gurkha saved his leave and furlough for four years and then went off on seven months' combined leave to his mountain village. Often from his first leave, having won his much coveted place on the roster for a family quarter, he would come back with a wife and then his "paltan," or regiment, became more than ever his home from home. And so it happens that some pure-bred Gurkhas do not hail from Nepal but are born in the lines and come to be known as "line-boys." A little less tough but of quicker intelligence than their fathers, they are enlisted as buglers, signallers and bandmen and, being fleet of foot, they often shine in the battalion football and hockey elevens.

Some regiments insist on their line-boys being taken back to rough it in their fathers' village, five years or more as children, before they can enlist, a sort of hardening process and an excellent example for all town-dwelling parents. Five years of country life in childhood colours a man's whole life and gives him stamina.

By his sheet-roll the Gurkha soldier is a Hindu, and, in the best classical tradition, he sees gods dwelling in mountain stream and wooded glen, and fancies—who does not?—that there are demons in the driving snow or swirling fog or in the hammer strokes of an electric storm that bars his way by some high mountain pass. Subconsciously he is a Buddhist, of the school of Arnold's "Light of Asia." And

who that dwells in sight of the eternal snows can fail to catch some glimmering of their high symbolic light?

But taken all in all, the Gurkha is a simple soul untroubled by religion: wondering at the stars, believing somewhat in his horoscope, a stoic in privation, pain and danger. He makes a companion of his wife and is lavishly generous: you may see them walking hand in hand along a lane like lovers in a Thomas Hardy novel. He is kind to children and old folk and dogs and horses. His way with a mule is beyond description, and together they sometimes stage a masterpiece of unconscious clowning.

Every real Gurkha is a keen shikari, though, counting his rounds and shooting most often for the pot he takes a sitting shot if he can get it. I have watched him stalk a grazing wild goose in a marsh, creeping by inches for half a mile to bag it with a service rifle as it rose.

He is a bit of a poacher, too, especially after fish, luring them with a lamp at night into a net, perhaps the oldest way of fishing. He has his own most expert trick of tickling trout. Born in a land of torrential rains and mountain spates, he is a powerful natural swimmer using a rather ugly splashing trudgeon stroke. But he can be taught to swim as silent as an eel and is up to every trick of crossing water with his weapons.

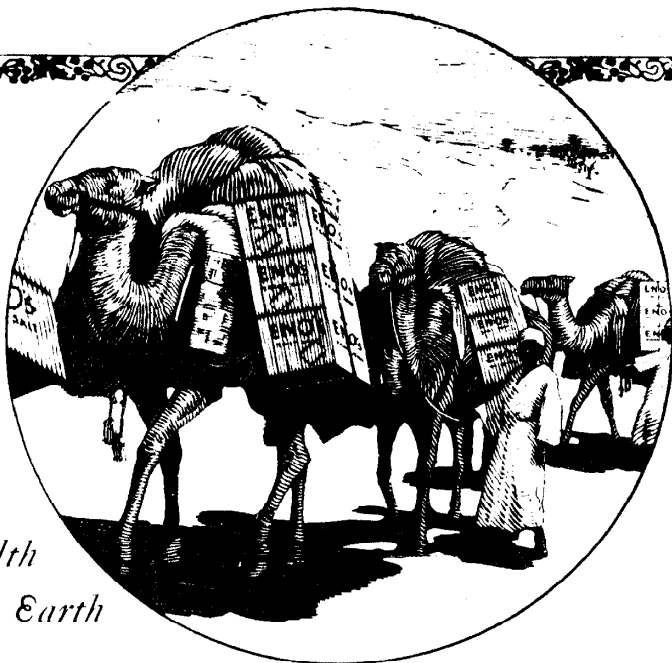
Dassera is observed in every Gurkha battalion with a time honoured festival of head cutting and the blessing of arms. It is a bloody ceremony, covering an hour or two in the forenoon, with the hot sun blazing on the arms of the battalion piled

The typical Nepali merchant man who maintains his living by means of burning wood, which is his pride of his hard labour.



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with fixed bayonets in hollow square. To the blare of the sacrificial horn the heads of goats and buffalos fall to a single stroke of the kukri and are laid in lines about the arms while the carcasses are dragged round trailing blood and, then away to the lines to make a feast. The day ends with a "Nautch," or country dance, with steps and action songs of great antiquity. And sometimes there is a play in which an Eastern monarch discovers a plot against his throne and orders some wholesale beheading, done, this time, in mime, to the delight of the audience squatting round, well dined and having rum taken.

The Gurkha likes his tot of rum or glass of beer. But it is no friendly act to stand him mixed or unaccustomed drinks or more of anything than he can well carry. However tough he may appear, he is at heart a very simple unsophisticated soul, a child in many ways, and easily tempted to excess. And mad-keen soldier that he is, and proud of the good name of his regiment, he may fall hard if given one too many. Discipline is hard in these crack regiments. The ship is 'more than the crew. And many a good soldier loses his hard-earned stripes or his good conduct pay as the outcome of a "binge."

His only other vice is gambling, with dice or cards. So virulent is this that many an old soldier, softened up with rum, is stripped of his life's savings on his last road home and ends his days a field labourer instead of a land-owner.

A few old soldiers, without property or family ties, do not go back to Nepal but seek employment on the railways or with business houses as *chowkidars*. One such



A Gurkha rifleman relating his exploits to a friend.

evolved a technique of his own. He squatted against a wall, apparently asleep, with an old green felt hat crammed down on his head and his chin sunk on his chest. The thief that crept towards him one dark night still wonders what it was that hit him. He had not seen the two round holes cut in the crown of the hat. Nor did he know that Gurkhas can see in the dark.

The kukri is the Gurkhas' national weapon, swift, silent and deadly. Often in the Burmese jungle he has turned on the Jap the methods perfected in generations on the bleak bare hills of the North West Frontier, stalking the sniper in the dark in grass shoes with no weapon but his kukri. There's many a true tale told, too, of a Gurkha orderly standing to meet the onslaught of a wounded bear or panther armed only with his kukri.

There is a yarn that goes about that if a Gurkha draws his kukri he must draw blood before he can return it to its scabbard. There is no truth in that. He draws it to chop wood or peel potatoes or to hack a way through jungle undergrowth. He draws it for inspection by the adjutant on guard

mounting. But he may be bashful of exhibiting it to a stranger, or even a comrade-in-arms; or it may be *hukm-nahir*, again orders, like drawing a gun in a canteen. So do not press him. Another yarn is that he throws his kukri, pirate-fashion. I have never known him do this at an enemy. He likes in-fighting best. But there is an unwritten law that a company on route march, not on active service, may "riot" if a hare breaks. And I have seen a bolting hare neatly finished at ten yards or so with a thrown kukri.

Taut as a violin string while at the top of his form in the regiment, relaxed and philosophical

when retired, the Gurkha has one outstanding quality that most endears him to those who know him best. It is his sense of humour. Mediaeval in its simplicity, it includes Will Rogers' definition: "A sense of humour is what makes you laugh at something which would make you mad if it happened to you," and covers every variation of the half-dozen basic themes known to the stock exchange.

And here is a true tale borrowed from a recent "Monthly Letter" of a famous Gurkha regiment, called "Maintenance of the Objective." "The Intelligence Jemadar and Havildar entered a room and killed nine Japs with tommy guns. When the battle had moved on, a company commander ordered the burial of the bodies. Eight were buried without incident, but as the ninth was being carried to his grave on a ladder he jumped off very much alive. The Gurkhas whipped out their kukris but some British gunners intervened. Then our men, very hurt, said, 'We can't bury him alive, can we?'"

KINCHENJUNGA, FROM LOPCHU.

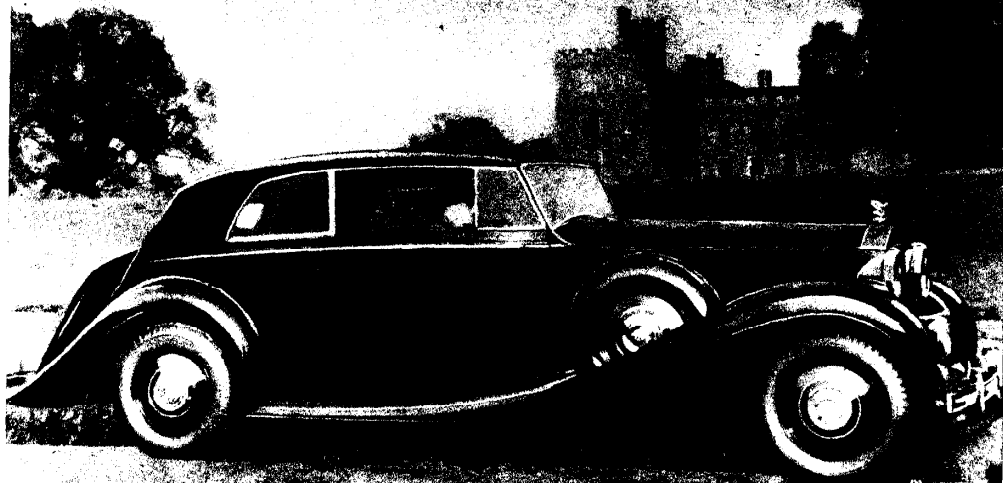
Fighting their way out of a Jap ambush seven Gurkha riflemen, accompanied by a five-year-old Bengali boy whom they adopted.







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Life in Bombay

a century and more ago



IN the year 1785 a new chapter begins in the history of Bombay. Up to that time for a hundred years the attention of the 'sober men' of the city had been given to the problem of keeping out the ever encroaching sea. In 1785 with the rebuilding of the Great Breach, then renamed Hornby Vellard, the long struggle against leaks and holes, broken dams and constant repairs came to an end. The second chapter in Bombay's long struggle with the sea could then be begun, the filling up and reclamation of the low-lying, 'drowned' land on the island. In this effort the construction of roads, which were in effect embanked causeways played an important part. The first of these roads, says Sheppard, "was Bellasis road, built in 1793 by the poor driven from Surat in that famine year. . . . A good deal later came Grant road, through surroundings which were practically open country. It was opened to the public in 1839 . . . and

was then described as requiring a parapet wall on either side owing to its great elevation above the adjoining land. . . . In addition to these internal roads there was the Sion Causeway, built by Governor Duncan in 1805". Colaba Causeway was started in 1835.

What was Bombay like when these roads and causeways were being laid down? At that time the Fort was a fort not only in name but in reality. About a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, it boasted three great gates, Apollo Gate (near the present Apollo Bunder), Church Gate and Bazar Gate, and it was protected by a great wall and a ditch (running, roughly, along the line of the present Hornby Road). The citizens of Bombay in 1824, we are told, found it a pleasant relaxation to walk

on the top of the ramparts, but the wall had its less pleasing side, for with its accompanying ditches and moats it was the home of every unclean thing. In 1816 the population was about 161,550—not very much larger than the present population of Sholapur. It is not surprising that thirteen years later John Wilson (after whom Wilson College is named) should, on his arrival, speak of Bombay not as a city but as 'a large town'. A hundred years ago the Governor lived in lordly state in Parel, and sometimes in his town house in Apollo Street. One of the few buildings in present-day Bombay that occupies the same position now as then is the Cathedral. At the beginning of last century its floor was smeared with cow-dung, and its windows were made not of glass but of pearl oyster-shell. The Church of St. Thomas (its name in those days) was over a hundred years old when its imposing young neighbour, the Town Hall, was erected

Bird's-eye view of Bombay and neighbourhood.





It is probable that the ceremonial drinking of healths is derived from the Greco-Roman custom of pouring libations to the gods. A more sophisticated age introduced the drinking to living personages. But it must not be supposed that in classical days it was the gods alone who enjoyed themselves. Horace found it necessary to chide the over indulgent with

*"Hush friends, O cease
Your impious clamour; and for peace
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THE INNER CHURCH GATE.

On the right, in Churchgate Street, is the old office of "The Times of India" (Photograph taken when the demolition of the Fort walls had just begun).



APOLLO BUNDER.

Visitors at the Apollo Bunder today will smile at this quaint picture of bullock watering carts keeping the dust from flying into the faces of those who came to sample the balmy air.

near it. At that time no great distance separated the Fort from the open country. On Malabar Hill, as late as 1842, there were only four bungalows. At the beginning of the century a certain Governor used to begin the day by leaving his home in Parel for a long canter in Mahim woods. The forest was famous for its beauty and the variety of its trees, but neither gulmor nor bougainvilleas were there, these not having been introduced into India. Bandra with its few scattered bungalows and picturesque little Portuguese Church could be reached only by foot or carriage, and a rowing boat across the creek. Not until 1853 did the first railway train run from Bombay to Thana, an event of much more than local importance, since it inaugurated the first railway service in the whole of India. So far as animal life was concerned Bombay was more interesting then than now. During his Governorship, Mountstuart Elphinstone, who lived in Bombay from 1819 to 1827, and who was eager to enter into every variety of Indian life and experience, had a camel procured for him, and was seen at midnight bobbing up and down in the darkness on his unaccustomed steed. In November, 1829, a tiger was killed at Mazagon, having swum from the opposite shore. Wild hare were hunted on Malabar Hill; jackals disported themselves on Bombay Green (which lay beside the Church of St. Thomas), and in the still earlier days when Kolaba was an island, antelopes found their home there.

Not a little of our knowledge of the appearance and customs of Bombay in the first forty years of the nineteenth century comes from three or four observant, intelligent women, who in their memoirs and diaries and letters give a vivid picture of the life of these days. The first impression that Bombay made on a traveller is shown

by Elizabeth Grant, who arriving here in 1828 with her father, tells us that as he stood on deck waiting to be brought on land, he said musingly, "If this be exile, it is splendid exile." Arrived at the pier, these early travellers found palankeens awaiting them, a kind of litter in which they could either sit or lie down. They were then carried along the Esplanade, then a plain stretching from the ramparts to the sea. During the hot weather the plain was fringed with temporary bungalows or shacks, which were taken down in the monsoon. Practical Mrs. Postans who visited Bombay in 1838 gives the information that it cost from Rs. 600 to Rs. 800 to put up one of these. The Esplanade was totally lacking in picturesqueness or beauty, but as one passed on to roads cut through palm-tree woods the scenery improved, and by the time Emma Roberts (a visitor of 1839) reached her destination, she thought she 'had never seen anything half so beautiful'. Her destination would be a friend's bungalow, for Bombay, at least at the beginning of last century, did not boast a single hotel. All it could offer visitors from overseas was a 'tavern' not fit for ladies.

These women writers, as a rule, speak with appreciation and delight of the charm of Bombay, though Maria Graham (1807) caustically describes Mazagon as a dirty Portuguese village, putting in its claim to Christianity chiefly from the immense number of pigs kept there. At the same time she was much impressed with the beautiful situation of the village, nestling on the shore between two hills. It had an additional attraction in its far-renowned mangoes. She has also something to say by way of criticism of Back Bay, fringed by a thick coconut wood and many cenerities, and on whose beach skulls and bones were unpleasantly conspicuous. Mrs. Graham's criticism is mild in comparison with that of J. M. Maclean, who, writing as late as the sixties, says, "To ride home to Malabar Hill along the sands of Back Bay was to encounter sights and odours too

horrible to describe, to leap four sewers whose gaping mouths discharged deep black streams across your path, to be impeded as you neared Chaurpati by boats and nets and stacks of firewood, and to be choked by the fumes from the open burning chat and many an ancient and fishlike smell."

It is interesting to read of European tastes in food a hundred years ago and more. Sir James Mackintosh who arrived in Bombay at the beginning of the century is most explicit about the day's programme of meals. At 8 o'clock he had breakfast, when he ate two eggs, a large plate of kedgeree, and drank two cups of coffee and three of tea. When there were no official guests, the family dined at 4 o'clock, and drank tea at 7. Then they read, and went to bed at 10—a precursor in 1804 of the war-time practice of 1942. Maria Graham and Elizabeth Grant write with astringent common-sense about the prandial habits of these days. Mrs. Graham speaks frankly of the way guests oversate and Elizabeth Grant, twenty years later, describing official dinners as 'rather appalling', writes mournfully of the heavy gargantuan meals 'rounds of beef, saddles of mutton, boiled and roast turkey, pickled pork, hams, fish and soups, and a second course of sweet things and small birds'. Her sensible father refused to adopt the prevalent fashion. Small joints and nicely-dressed entrees took the place of the heavier viands previously provided, and a general modification of the earlier type of dinner took place. The guests at these parties also came under the fire of Mrs. Graham's criticism—particularly the women, whom she found 'under-bred and over-dressed'. Of the men she found the merchants 'the most rational companions'.

From the vivid details given in these early memoirs it is easy to reconstruct the

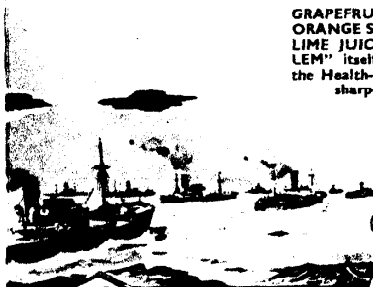
Shipping from Apollo Bunder where the Lord Hardinge statue and the Gateway of India now stand. Note some of Bombay's old sailing ships.



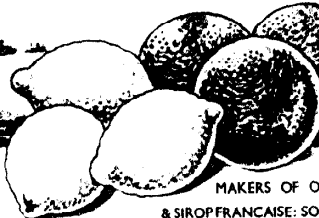
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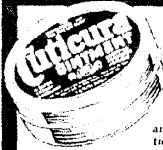
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conversational topics of the time. The servants, it was generally agreed, were good, and they were very honest about money. The youngest table-servant received a monthly wage of Rs. 12, an ayah from Rs. 15 to Rs. 20, and a butler started with Rs. 20. Servants in Bengal were paid much lower wages than in Bombay—which statement might lead to an argument on the respective merits of Calcutta and Bombay. This was a much-discussed subject. There was a time when the protagonists of Calcutta had the best of it but the opening up of an overland route to Bombay made a great difference to the self-respect of the latter city. Now she could obtain news from the West before Calcutta, a fact about which Bombay boasted on the accession of Queen Victoria. When Bombay was rejoicing in the advent of the young Queen, Calcutta was holding a dinner at which King William was being toasted. Now it was Bombay's turn to ask, "Who are the benighted now?"

The conversation might then swing back to domestic matters, to the difficulty of getting peas, and the impossibility of obtaining cauliflower and French beans and asparagus-vegetables which were easily procured at Calcutta at Christmas. Calcutta again! Fortunately there was no difficulty in obtaining potatoes though as late as the eighties of the eighteenth century they were practically unknown in India. The whiteness and lightness of the bread was greatly appreciated, its lightness being due to the fact that it was fermented with coconut toddy. Then the talk might veer round to the new Causeway at Sion, and the timid members of the company would confess that they were still terrified of driving across it. The near approach of the hot weather might start a conversation on the delights of a visit to Poona or the



Old Government House at Parel.

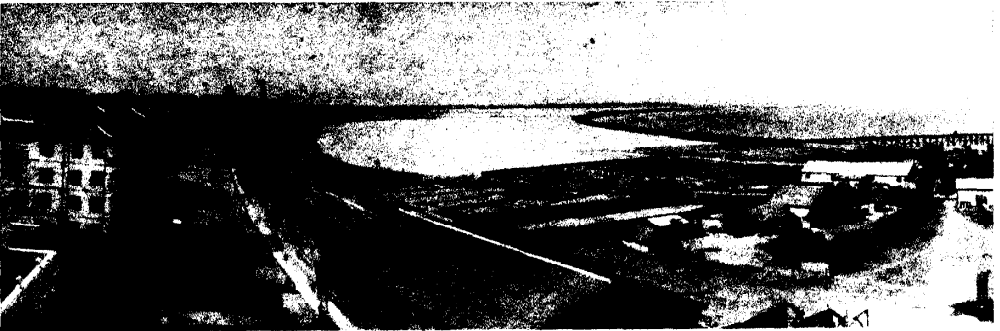
Karla Caves, but the enthusiasm of the more impecunious members would be considerably damped when they learnt that on a recent visit to Poona of one lady, two gentlemen, three children and Mr. and Mrs. Graham, nearly two hundred servants had been required to accompany the party.

With regard to the health of the city, matters had certainly improved since 1680, when Bombay was 'nought but a charnel-house in which two monsoons were the age of a man'. Writing in the beginning of the 19th century, Sir James Mackintosh says, "Our climate may be endured, but I feel, by its constant and, silent operation, existence is rendered less joyous and even less comfortable. I see around me no extraordinary prevalence of disease, but I see no vigorous, cheerful health". Surrounded by the beautiful rose-gardens of Parel, one might not see many signs of disease, but it was a different matter when one lived in the crowded streets of the city. In an American missionary report published in 1833, the average period of service for men was computed to be five and a quarter years. If from this was deducted two years for language study and bouts of illness, the working life of a man missionary in Bombay was estimated to be three and a quarter

years. Of the ten missionaries in the Presidency in 1831, five died within six months of that year. It was not surprising that John Wilson's wife should write to her sister in 1834, 'Those who come to India must calculate on a short life or a premature old age.' If adults fared badly, children fared worse. Of thirty children born in American missionary homes before

1832, eighteen died. Plague and cholera, early or sudden death took their toll alike of Indian and European, rich and poor.

Almost equally unimaginable according to present standards was the backwardness of education. There were no Government schools in the twenties of last century, and in such village schools as there were, no writing was taught, nor history, nor geography; and the only books available were in MSS. Girls' education was non-existent. It was considered indecent for girls to be educated. Dancing girls might perhaps be taught, but education was neither seemly nor desirable for respectable girls. In those days no respectable girl or woman was to be seen in the streets. As late as the forties Parsee women appeared little in public, and Hindu and Muslim women were completely invisible. At the outset only the children of the poorest of the poor could be persuaded to send their daughters to school, partly because they had no reputation to lose, and partly for the hope of gaining a few pice. When Mrs. Postans a hundred years ago visited a wealthy Parsee at Parel, and asked if he was not going to educate his charming eight-year-old daughter, she was told that the time had not yet arrived for the education of Asiatic women. Her host, however, was sure that 'the progress of enlightened views would achieve this mighty triumph over usage and opinion'.



Back Bay years ago before the Reclamation was complete.

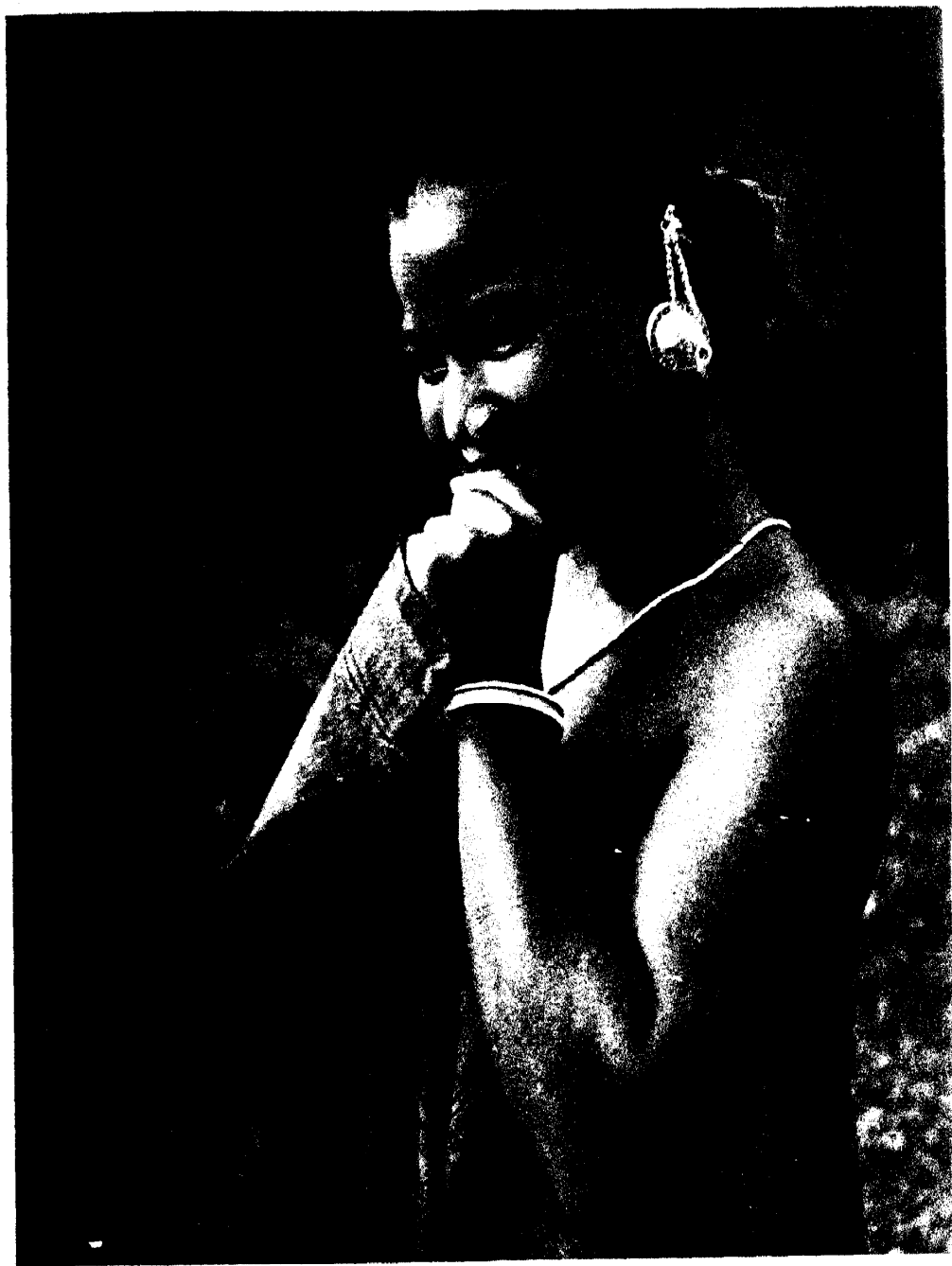
Young people who enjoy walks along New Marine Drive, one of the finest sea promenades in the world, should study this picture as it shows the beginning of the vast Back Bay reclamation scheme initiated after World War I. The beginnings of the sea wall may be seen, left and right in the sea, with dredgers and cranes. In the foreground is the main line un-electrified B. B. & C. I. Railway, which then ran to the old Colaba Station, where a Naval Signal School has now been built. As will be seen, this line skirted the sea. In the foreground is Marine Lines Station and the Gymkhana which were then by the sea-shore. In the right foreground is Princess Street—Queen's Road corner.



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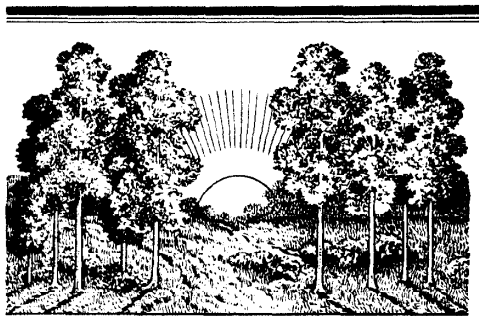
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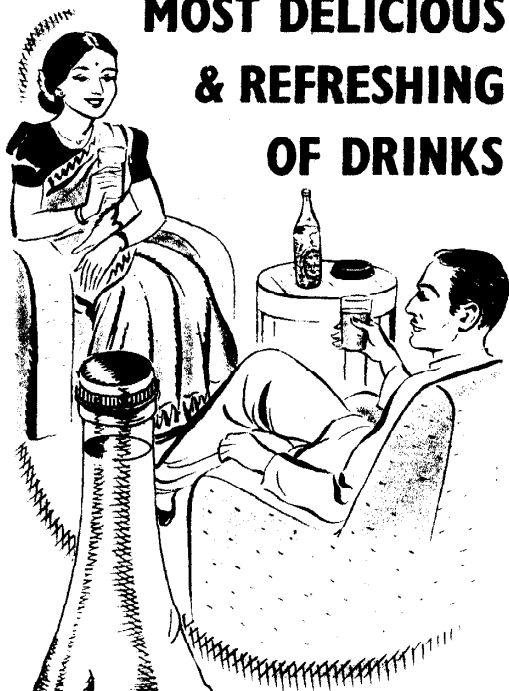


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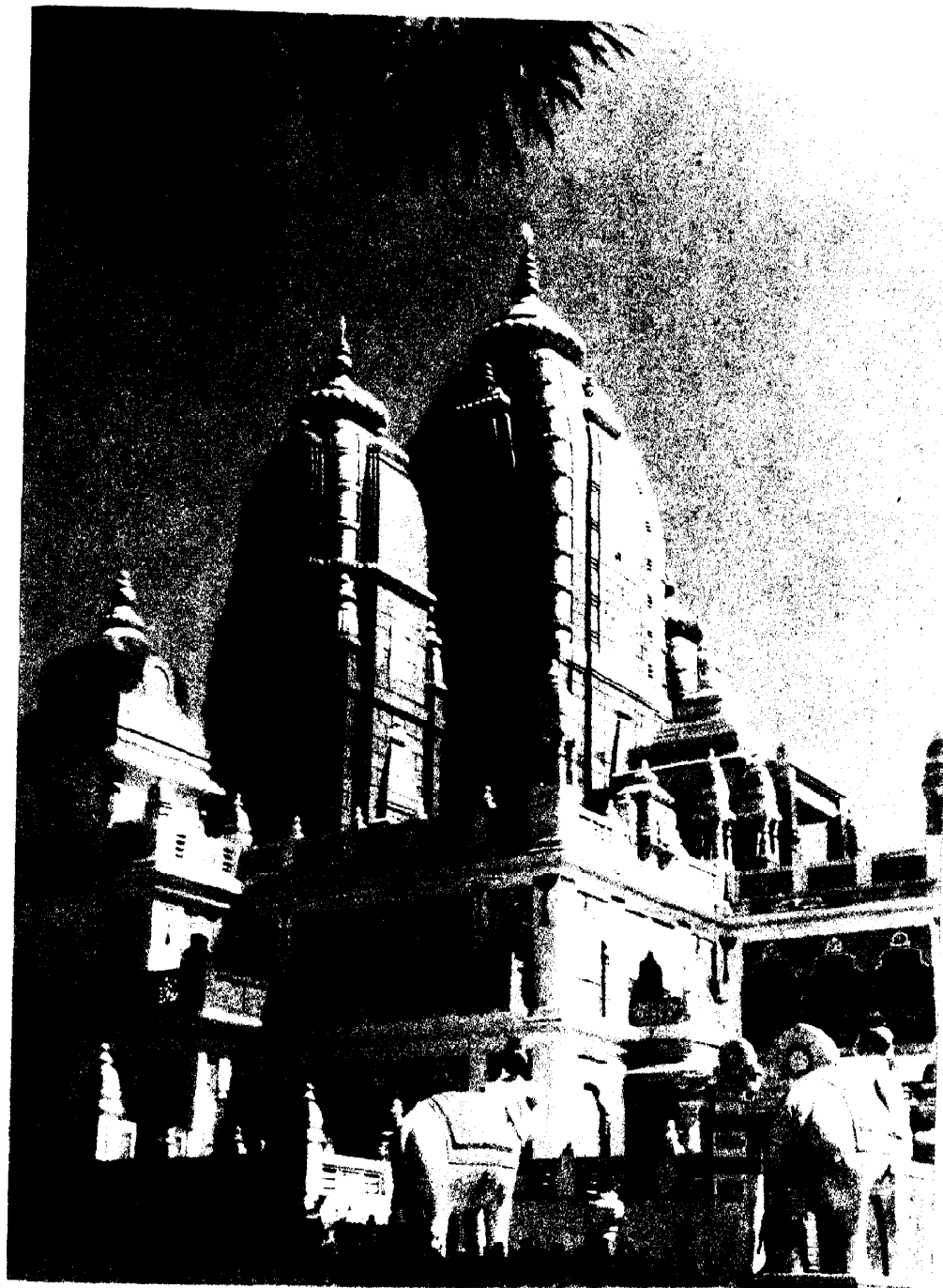


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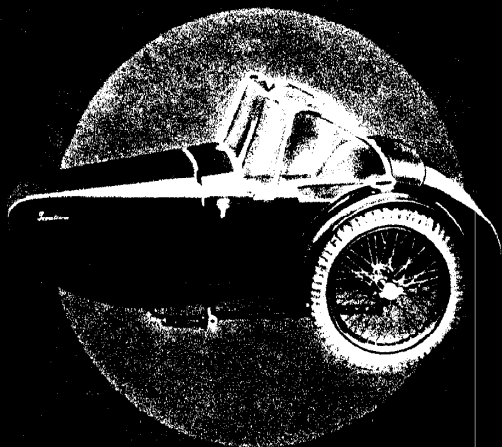
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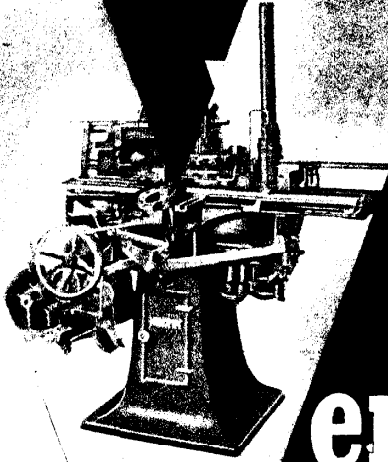
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ENTERPRISE

By JOHN HANDLEY

WHEN the Japs were in Budli-daung and there was even talk that they might try to infiltrate to Chittagong, I was Intelligence Officer with a Brigade Headquarters at Cox's Bazaar, the little old-time port and trading post of Arakan. There was no "front" then, but just a great wide no-man's-land of mud and mangrove and tidal creeks and islands. Save for the mosquitos and the sweaty heat, it might have been a bit of Essex coast at home.

It was the malaria season and the European war was going full blast so we had just to hang on for better days, shake down our drafts, get some long service men away on leave, and keep our tails up with what the Brigade Commander called "minor enterprises". So, every night, our fighting patrols were out hunting the enemy in no-man's-land, getting to grips whenever possible. And for every Jap brought in, alive or dead, they scored one leave ticket.

We had a company of Scotties there, a battalion of Gurkhas, the usual odds and ends and a few Royal Indian Navy to work our "fleet" of native boats. Some of these we had fitted up in the M. T. workshops and one, the "flagship", built rather like a Bombay bunder boat, had an old motor cycle engine in her.

One sweltering night an hour after dark, Maungdin, my Arakan shikarri, brought in news. Standing up to his neck in water and hidden by the mangrove bushes, he had, he said, watched a raiding party of Japs cross Main Creek five miles down from our camp in native "sampans" and set off inland towards his own village, the only place worth looting hereabouts.

He had cut back by jungle tracks, short-circuiting a loop of the creek, and he wanted to lead a column across country to head off the Japs by ways known only to himself.

He was distressed, poor devil, naturally, and labouring for breath as he stood in the lamplight in my bamboo hut and told his tale while the sweat dripped from his forehead and chin and trickled on his lean brown chest. I knew he would not play us false of his own free will, but I knew also that the Japs had pinched his old father for a hostage two months back.

A glance at the map showed that the enemy was on an island and must return



But our only secret now was the Gurkhas who had slipped silently into the water.

the way he had come. He would be off before the moon rose, so we had an hour and a half in which to catch him. He would of course have left a guard on his boats.

I knew the spot exactly, having bathed and fished there with the Gurkhas before the Jap got into these parts. At a turn of the creek, on the right bank as you look seaward, a sandy spit juts out, rising above the mangrove swamp and forming a backwater and a little beach, ideal for the enemy's purpose except that it is on the exposed side of the spit. Behind him, if we found the enemy there, was a steep bank, densely wooded, where, on the ebb, a swirling current set close inshore. No place

that for him to load his boats and get away with prisoners and booty. But it might serve our turn.

A word to the B. M. and things started humming. In fifteen minutes a platoon moved off inshore to find and attack the raiders. Maungdin was eager to go with them, but we held him back. Five minutes later he was seized by friendly hands, gently but firmly gagged and blindfolded, and hustled down to the quay and aboard the "flagship". And a minute later we slipped our moorings and paddled silently down to Main Creek, looking like a very innocent native fishing boat.



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... that peculiar pleasure, that serene satisfaction,
that delightful drowsiness, all this and more, only
a puff of "PANAMA" can give.



The night was dark and the glimmer of light from the camp soon faded astern. We kept in mid-stream, two hundred yards from either bank, where the ebb tide with two hours to go gave us a three-knot current. At three or four hundred yards we might just be spotted as a dark shadow moving on the water. We dared not start the engine till we had flushed the Jap.

We had on board six Gurkhas with a havildar, picked swimmers all, stripped to their loin cloths and with kukris slung. In the bows, tucked in behind some bits of armour camouflaged with native fishing gear, were Tiny, the six foot subaltern commanding the patrol, and a couple of Scotties with their rifles cocked. The remaining eight of them were amidstships with the Gurkhas, taking a turn at the paddles, while, aft, two R.I.N. ratings took the tiller and fiddled the engine which they had sworn to start the moment it was called for.

I squatted forward within speaking range of Tiny, keeping Maungdin close under my hand. We had unmuffled him and he had joined the hunt, oblivious of all else.

Our plan was one quick gamble. First we must locate the Jap and then go in bald headed, banking on speed and darkness to render his fire innocuous. But we had a card up our sleeve for him too.

The shikari suddenly half rose and pointed forward eagerly, signing for absolute silence. There was the sand-spit: I could faintly see the line of it against the sky, perhaps half a mile ahead. We were charging down on it at five knots. Tiny signalled "Easy all," then raised his glasses. Even on a moonless night it is worth using glasses when there is something to spot. The Gurkha havildar was with him, peering ahead. "Boats", he whispered; for Gurkhas can see in the dark. Tiny nodded and made a gesture like a left hook. The havildar grinned. They had it all fixed up together.

For an instant I had forgotten Maungdin. He suddenly let go a mighty sneeze. I leapt on him with a blanket and as I did so there came six spurts of fire from the ridge and then the crack of rifles and bullets humming wide and high.

"Get going", said Tiny, quietly, to the havildar, and watched him move aft. And then he yelled at the top of his voice "Engine", and "Helm hard aport."

The engine roared like a charging tank as we swung in towards the bank, and the Japs stopped firing for ten precious seconds. I think the engine shook 'em and they suspected some secret weapon. But our only secret now was the Gurkhas who had



An old gentleman . . . whom Maungdin greeted . . . as "father."

slipped silently into the water and shot away down stream like eels.

We charged the bank and beached in mud and mangrove at a tiny inlet a few hundred yards upstream from where the Japs were still firing. The Scotties tumbled out like a pack of hounds, Tiny with them, yelling orders. They vanished into the scrub, extended, started firing. By the row they made they might have been a company attacking. That was the idea: secrecy had, most literally, gone by the board.

The two marines stayed, guarding the boat, and I sat on the shikari. Hurt feelings could be mended later, but I eased his blanket and he breathed forth muttered apologies. Poor wretch, his father was most likely at this moment led on a noose with a bayonet to his ribs and forced to guide his captors. I hoped they would bump our overland platoon.

Drawing the cover off my luminous watch, I counted the minutes since the

Gurkhas had gone overboard. Eight, eight and a half, nine. Had they got ashore? Where were they? I pictured them creeping up behind the enemy with kukris drawn.

At the tenth minute, to the tick, our firing stopped. I watched and listened intently. The flash and crack of the enemy rifles still came intermittently, strung out along the ridge, and behind them now the moon was rising. Suddenly, silhouetted against the sky, there hove up a thick squat figure with arms flung out like a charging bear. Something flashed blue and there came a long blood curdling scream. The blue steel swooped again and the scream stopped.

Then the Japs broke and ran squealing, all ways, more of them than had been firing. Some were cut down by the Gurkhas as they ran and some, crashing like wild pig through the mangrove, met the bayonets of the Scots who had pressed on after ceasing fire to be in at the kill. In ten swift bloody seconds it was over. And then the moon broke out and we could see.

The crew brought round the flagship to the bay where the enemy sampans were beached. We floated them, piled in the enemy dead and made ready for towing. There were no prisoners.

Tiny had sent off a patrol inland to contact the main body. But they quickly came back with a party from our own platoon which they had met. They were led by a wizened brown old gentleman with white hair whom Maungdin, now unmuzzled, greeted with joyous tears as "father". It seemed our fellows from camp had got well into the enemy foraging party and in the scrum the Jap leading Maungdin's father had been stuck; so the scared, half starved old man had suddenly found himself free.

So back to camp by the way we had come. It was well that the tide had turned, for the poor old flagship's two-horse engine was never meant to tow four loaded sampans.

There was a bit of an argument next day about the score as some of the heads would not fit. But Brigade Headquarters were in generous mood and handed out leave tickets for the whole patrol. Our casualties, three lightly wounded men, short-circuited the C.C.S. and were spirited to Darjeeling by some special arrangement which Brigade made with the medics. Altogether a successful minor enterprise.

Next day a very pleased shikari waited on me. He seemed to have filled out in the night and came to demand a *chitti* setting forth his services and recommending himself, his father and his seven sons for Government service.





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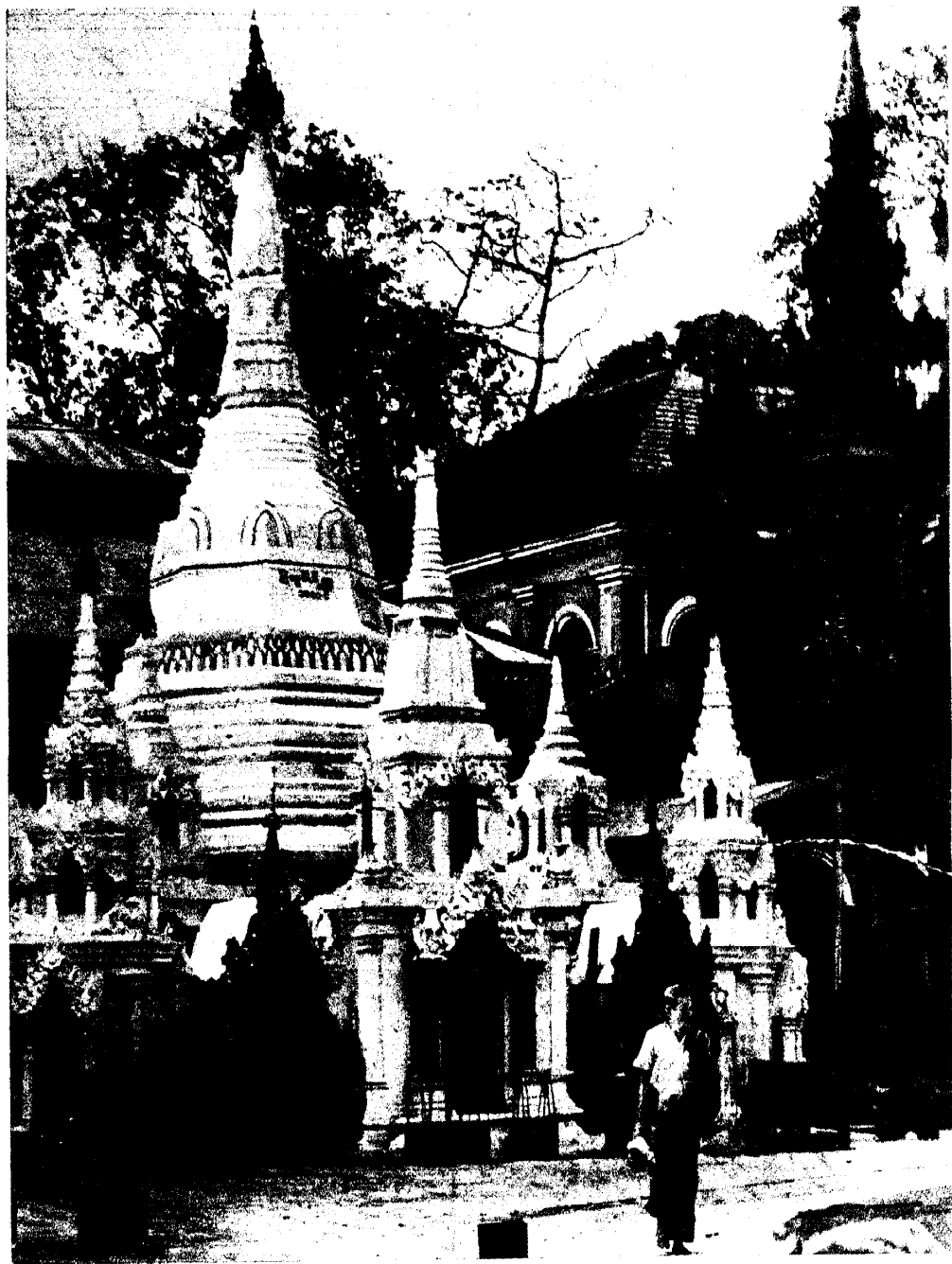


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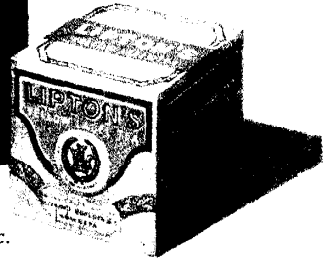


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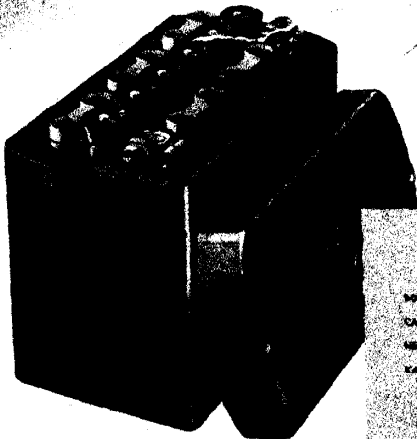


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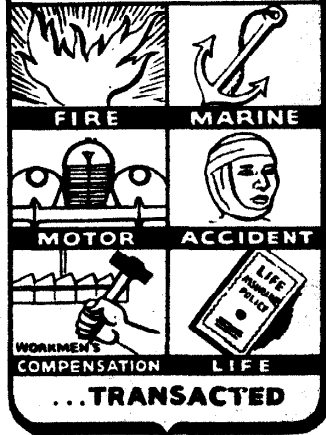
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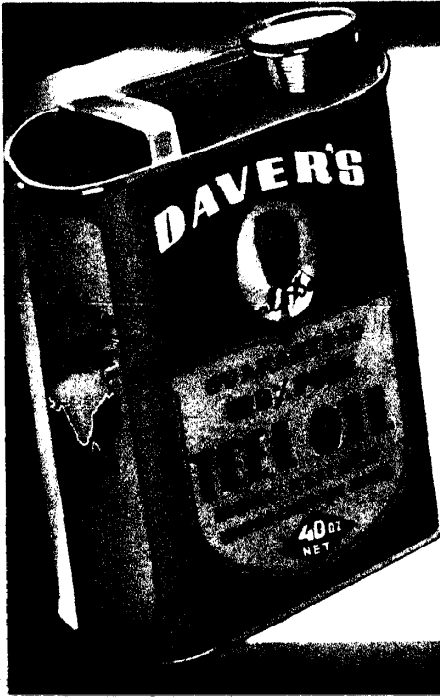
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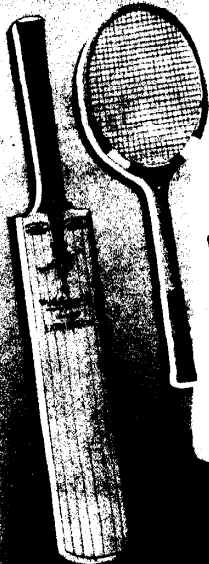
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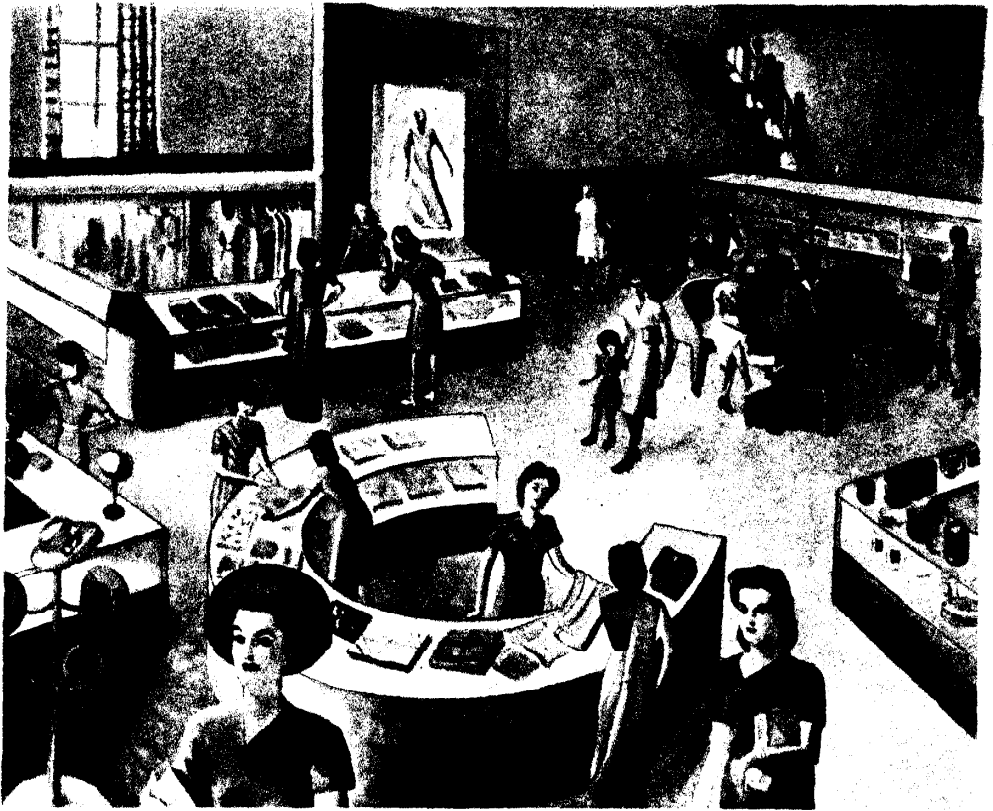
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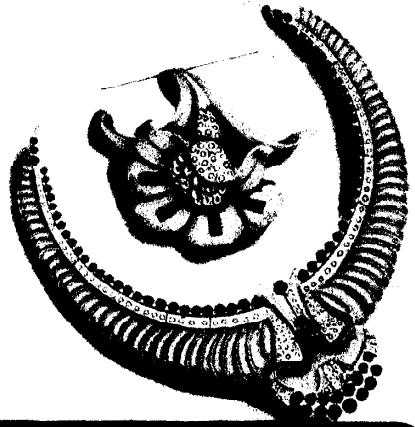
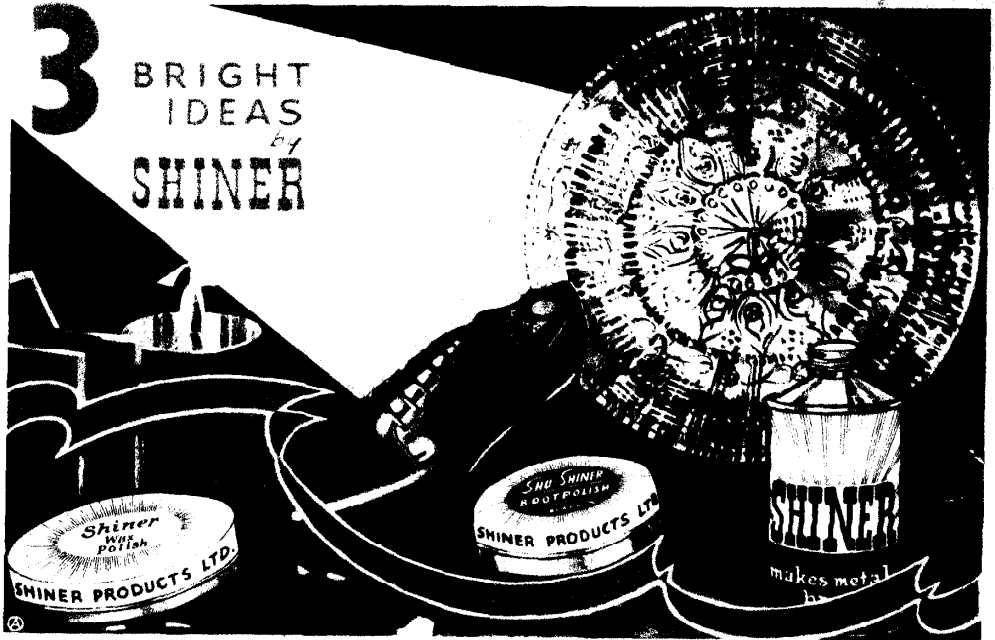
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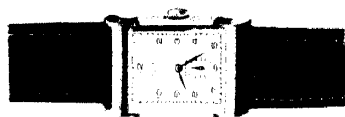
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